THE

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OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

M A Y, 1808.

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, Esq.

Mr. Kemble was born at *Prescot*, in Lancashire, about the year 1757. His father, Mr. Roger Kemble, was, at the time of his birth, manager of a theatrical company, which visited the principal towns in Lancashire, Worcestershire, and some of the neighbouring counties. Young Kemble was early placed at a respectable school in Staffordshire, called Sedgeley Park, where his proficiency was such as to induce his father, who was averse to his following the profession of the stage, to send him to the college of Douay. He went thither in the year 1770, and continued in that seminary for some years; he acquired, of course, a competent knowledge of French, Latin, and Greek.

Notwithstanding these classic acquirements, the force of early habit could not be subdued. When a boy he had occasionally performed in his father's company, [See the play-bill, Vol. I. of the Cabinet, page 210.] and on his return to England, his inclination for the stage was so strongly fixed, that Mr. R. Kemble thought it not prudent to oppose his wishes, and accordingly the young scholar prepared to make his appearance on the public boards.

" Kemble (says a writer, more known than admired,)

began his career at *Wolverhampton.* His first public performance was *Theodosius.* There are some people in the town who remember to have seen him; but none who remember to have foreseen his talents.

"His next stage was *Leicester;* nobody there saw, or foresaw, what they liked; for almost every body hissed. The only applause came from Mr. CRADOCK, who gave this account of his unpopularity with other people, and his good acceptance with himself: 'that he was totally unlike the rest of his associates.'

"What *Cradock* thus cheeringly said, was, by *Kemble,* at least, we may suppose, easily believed. Perhaps, it deserved to be so; for *Cradock,* besides having the pursuits and pleasures of a man of fortune, was himself an actor, as well as writer of tragedy—as well, the world says, not better.

"At GLOUCESTER, *Kemble* suffered nearly the same discomfiture, and soothed himself with yet better consolation. For, on *Cradock's* encouragement, he ventured largely, and in some instances so luckily, that a clergyman in residence not only applauded him in the playhouse, but made his praise be noticed by *Warburton!*

"Whatever was new and ingenious, was sure of furtherance from him. He opened his doors to *Kemble,* and heard him in some of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth.* The new readings were approved, and on the whole, the meeting went off so well, that it lasted much longer than was at first intended.

"Kemble dined with the *Bishop* of *Gloucester!*

"And thus, perhaps, allowably, a little giddy when he sat down, he seemed from his drinking, less likely to rise up sober!

"Excess never found a friend in *Warburton.* His table was well served, and he loved the pleasures of it, but he knew how to stop himself, and other people. He thought *Kemble* called for ale rather too often, and he very properly told him so. His reproof had neatness in it, as well as virtue—"Young man," said the Bishop, "they who thus DRINK ALE, will THINK ALE!"

"If *Kemble,* notwithstanding this, was not quite cool when he went away, the *inspiration* may be supposed of *better* quality, than what had been in his cups—The mantling bliss of vanity!

"And who would not be reasonably vain, in thus at once making a way in life, from the bottom of it to the

top? And when a boy, and in a barn, getting a dinner, by his own attractions, in the *Palace of Gloucester*, and with WARBURTON THE BISHOP."

Upon this fustian of parson Este, a clever, but eccentric and ridiculous writer, Mr. Reid, has this manuscript note: "22d May, 1797. Mr. Kemble called upon me, and I shewed him the preceding account, and enquired concerning the truth of it. He told me that he had performed at *Leicester* and *Gloucester*, and had been very kindly noticed by Mr. Cradock; but that, as to the anecdote of the Bishop of Gloucester, there was no truth in it whatever."

From *Leicester* he proceeded to *Manchester* and *Liverpool*, and after some time was engaged by Tate Wilkinson, the York Manager. His success and conduct in this company will be best gathered from the Manager's own relation in his *Wandering Patentee*.

"Mr. Kemble made his first appearance at Hull in the character of Macbeth, on Friday, Oct. 30, 1778; next he acted Archer, which was not unlike his manner of playing *airy comedy* now. He, from soon getting well connected at Hull, and from his merits rising daily as to reputation, aided by strong imagination, and a *nerved understanding*, it may easily be supposed soon gained popularity and attention, on and off the stage.

In the course of the year 1778, he acted Lord Aimworth, *without songs;* and perhaps his performance was not the worse for that omission. I must observe, that he was not the only instance of such a strange opera undertaking; for Barry and Mossop, when "The Maid of the Mill" was in high repute, aided that musical performance by each, as rival opera performers, at their different theatres of Crow-street and Smock-alley, by acting the character of Lord Aimworth; and I never heard it decided for the honour of either, which was the best. To the credit of Mr. Kemble I must mention, that he undertook the character, not from whim or choice, but to assist a brother actor on a benefit night.

Mr. Kemble on Tuesday Dec. 29, presented the town on his benefit night with a tragedy of his own, entitled "Belisarius;" which was received with candour, credit, and applause.

Mr. Kemble, on his appearance at York, soon made way, but not rapidly; for the public will have favourites of their own: instances of which I have often seen and

observed, that by setting up a new favourite only rivets another set as determinately hostile to any new favoured rival; and not unlike a democrat or an aristocrat, reason is not consulted. I remember desiring a servant of mine particularly to see the play of Hamlet, and he would not stir from my house to the theatre: after some interrogation of mine, why he did not attend the theatre, he said it was "because Mr. Kemble played Hamlet." "Well," says I, "and he plays Hamlet excellently well." "That "may be, sir, but I am sure I could not abide to see "Mr. Kemble play Hamlet; you know, sir, it is Mr. "Cummins's part?" And in the million there are more such critics than can be easily imagined, created from want of judgment, spleen, envy, partiality, obstinacy, and a thousand *et cæteras*.

Mr. Kemble's first appearance in the York theatre, was on the 19th January, 1789, in the formidable Prince Orestes: a quarrel at the rehearsal, relative to which side, P. S. or O. P. for Orestes to make his entrance in the 5th act, to the jealous great Priam's daughter, Hermione, was combated strongly by the prince and the princess; however the hero conquered the heroine; and he preserved his situation, more from a shew of superiority and knowledge, I believe, than as to any real opinion being material to Mr. Kemble as to either, P. S. or O. P. I was chosen umpire, and I believe perplexed the controversy more than settled it.

Mr. Kemble's second appearance at York, was, by his own choice, Ranger: his third, Edward the Black Prince. In many passages of that character, he made the audience feel his great propriety and sterling merit. His benefit was his own tragedy of "Belisarius," on Saturday, March 27th; which was well received, and his interest and reputation deservedly on the increase.

Mr. Kemble presented Mrs. Hunter, for her benefit night, with a piece called the "Female Officer."

Mr. Murphy's "Zenobia" was appointed for Thursday, April 15th; purposely for introducing a Mrs. Mason in that character, who, full of self-fame, came post from the North of Ireland to slay our tragic princesses in Yorkshire, by dint of a superior force of arms, charms, &c.

On that fatal night, a lady of family, well known at that time, was present; her name was S———e, possessed of strong sense, and with that a most poignant turn of satire, and never curbed her laugh when she chose

to be in the comic vein, whether it was tragedy or comedy. Two circumstances occurred to make this night unfortunate: Miss S———e possessed the stage-box, and had her beaux to talk and laugh with; she unluckily took a sudden antipathy to the new tragedy heroine, and never failed on her appearance, to shew her great disapprobation, by the strongest marks of contempt and ridicule. From some unaccountable partiality, she had also adopted an opinion greatly to the prejudice of Mr. Kemble, who acted Teribazus; so that in the last act when Mr. Kemble and the lady were fully employed in the agonizing scenes of death, Miss S———e, to satisfy her satirical vein, gave such way to her impetuosity of temper and spirits, that she really, as Lady Townly says, "talked (and laughed) louder than the players." The new actress not having made any favourable impression, so as to gain the hearts of the audience, was left destitute of all support, and certainly appeared to every disadvantage, by receiving such discouraging treatment, as might have damped the courage of Mademoiselle Cordé. Mr. Kemble being not a little nettled at Miss S———e's pointed rudeness, (which certainly did not reflect honour or credit either to her family or herself) in the last scene conveyed looks of disdain (of which he was and is capable) to the lady, which looks were as scornfully returned with reiterated bursts of laughter. On the repeated repetition of such injurious and indelicate behaviour, Mr. Kemble made a full and long stop, and when at last called on by the audience to "Go on! go on!"—He with great gravity, and a pointed bow to the stage-box, said he was ready to proceed with the play as soon as *that* lady had finished her conversation, which he perceived the going on with the tragedy only interrupted. This called up the roses into cheeks not the most remarkable for being feminine or delicate; and fury, indignation, and lightening flashed from her eyes: the audience were rouzed from their stupor, and in general hissed the lady in the stage-box, and several voices cried, "*Out! out!*" This was treatment "horrible most horrible," for a lady who prided herself on family more than fortune, (and whose spirits at certain times were under the controul of the moon.) She could not bear such an unexpected insult, either from the audience or the player. She summoned most of the officers, gentlemen of the North-Riding Militia, who were assembled at York, and unluckily,

I may almost say, in the theatre, for they obeyed the lady's commands in a body, and came to my house, which adjoins the theatre, and with one voice commanded Mr. Kemble into their presence.—I said it was an unfortunate accident to the audience and the performers; I had not any doubt but Mr. Kemble would immediately appear before them, but at the same time begged leave to hint, that Mr. Kemble had the education and the principles of a gentleman implanted in his mind, and therefore wished, if they looked on Mr. Kemble as a good actor and an acquisition to the public, and me as the manager, to consider, that if they offered lordly language or authority to him, he would not submit to any ungentlemanlike degradation, and we should only suffer a mutual loss: they urged an affront to a lady from a performer, so insultingly given, demanded reparation. I waited on my friend, Mr. Kemble, prepared him for the purpose, and left him to be directed by a judgment much superior to my own. When he entered my dining-room, the officers seemed peremptory and warm; Mr. Kemble was cool, deliberate, determined, and not to be alarmed by threats or numbers; after much altercation, it was concluded, that instantly an explanation should be given, to reconcile the matter to them, as the defenders of the lady and the audience. The officers returned to their former stations in the theatre, and at the end of the overture they called on Mr. Kemble. The audience in the interim had laid their *nobs* together, and concluded, on mature deliberation, that matters were carrying, that greatly intruded on their rights, that Miss S———e was a constant disturber, and the officers wanted to degrade Mr. Kemble, for only having acted with the spirit of a man, and they did for *once* allow that an actor might *feel* when insulted on the stage, at least equal to those off—

"And the spurns that patient merit," &c.

struck their ideas forcibly: Therefore, when Mr. Kemble appeared, the pit and galleries cried out, "No apology! no apology!" The boxes insisted on Mr. Kemble's being heard, which at last was unanimously agreed to; and he stated with great calmness and precision the state of an actor so disagreeably circumstanced, and was proceeding with great justness, propriety, and elegance, in an extempore and honourable defence of the stage, which

making against the opinion of the boxes, they cried out, "We want none of your conversation or jabbering here, it is very impudent and impertinent; talk no more, Sir, but instantly ask pardon." Mr. Kemble, with face erect, voice distinct, pride manifestly hurt, and with expression equal to his best line in Coriolanus, full of disdain, firmly said—"PARDON!—No, Sirs!—*Never*"—and left the stage with bursts of approbation from the audience; the heroes were left planet-struck, but no one more or half so much disappointed as the queen of the quarrel; for Miss S———e expecting with great exultation, pardon from the *insolent* actor, turned pale and sick—and enraged left the theatre: the boxes found it a vain struggle to call for Mr. Kemble again that night to make reparation; and they left the field of battle, not as conquerors, but as the vanquished party, breathing revenge: for we seldom, when prevented in our views, either of ambition, pleasure, justice, or injustice, take the even scale to weigh any matter that may probably make against our own self love and pride of superiority, when reigning over inferiors.

Perhaps the reader will conjecture, that cool reflection, and not any play from Thursday the 13th till the Saturday following, would have produced salutary effects. But as the Player King observes,

———"we often see, against some storm,
"A silence in the heav'ns,

So though all seemed calm in the interim, yet a violent storm arose on the Saturday. The audience in general, and Kemble's friends, judged, that those who are deemed the quality were too overbearing, and, *per contra*, the other party could not suffer the idea of an actor not being subservient in every respect: An opinion in general predominant out of London, unless with those who take the trouble to really think and judge of men, and weigh circumstances with an impartial hand. The play was "Percy;"—Kemble acted Douglas: A party in the boxes, not expecting opposition, and assured and determined to carry the point and chastise the insolent actor, on his appearance cried out, "Pardon, pardon!" But John Bull had made good several determined friends of the public, and all Kemble's acquaintances were scattered in every part of the theatre—the boxes not by any means without his partizans; the result was, that the attack of pardon, and humiliation that was in-

stantly expected from Kemble, was entirely drowned by a vociferation of voices not to be overpowered, by such a salute of applause to Mr. Kemble, as would have sounded well in a London Theatre.—Then again—again—and so called for with increasing plaudits for six repeated thunderers, as quite astonished his opposers; and reiterated applauses accompanied his performance to the finish of the play. I believe his antagonists, who were actuated from pride, not reason, were heartily glad when Earl Douglas died; and I dare aver, Mr. Kemble found it a very pleasant death. But sorry am I to relate, that all did not end here, more gentlemen were summoned on Thursday, April 20th, which immediately followed: the play was "Macbeth," in which character I figured away, but was called on by several officers and gentlemen between the acts, relative to Mr. Kemble. "The Toy Shop was to be acted after the play; in which Mr. Kemble personated the master of the Toy Shop: I convinced them that Mr. Kemble would not suffer degradation on his part, his situation in the York theatre was not such as to make a sacrifice worth attention; he would rather lose profit than reputation; he had no property at stake that the hand of power might either revenge by neglect, riot, or disturbance; and hoped those considerations would weigh with their reflections and determinations. Dr. Burgh, a gentleman of highly polished abilities, guided by strong judgment and discernment, and full of regard to Kemble, came round, I remember, on his part, to soften and relax if possible the determined mind of Kemble; so by this means, and General St. Leger assisting me as mediator, (who was luckily then in York,) but of course on the *gentlemen's* side. In consequence of these manœuvres, when the Toy Shop began, Mr. Kemble of course was once more called upon before a large party: he claimed a hearing, without which he could not submit to be condemned; but if in the recital, any gentleman or set of gentlemen would assert in that character, that he had acted unworthily, he would willingly and cheerfully make any reparation they should judge proper, assuring himself, whatever they desired could not but be honourable and truly consistent with justice, and such as would become him to give, and them to accept. This hint of Mr. Kemble's was agreed *nem. con.*

(To be continued.)

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

MAN is that link of the chain of universal existence, by which spiritual and corporeal beings are united: as the numbers and variety of the latter his inferiors are almost infinite, so probably are those of the former his superiors; and as we see that the lives and happiness of those below us are dependent on our wills, we may reasonably conclude, that our lives, and happiness are equally dependent on the wills of those above us; accountable, like ourselves, for the use of this power, to the supreme Creator, and governor of all things. Should this analogy be well founded, how criminal will our account appear, when laid before that just and impartial judge! How will man, that sanguinary tyrant, be able to excuse himself from the charge of those innumerable cruelties inflicted on his unoffending subjects committed to his care, formed for his benefit, and placed under his authority by their common Father? whose mercy is over all his works, and who expects that this authority should be exercised not only with tenderness and mercy, but in conformity to the laws of justice and gratitude.

But to what horrid deviations from these benevolent intentions are we daily witnesses! No small part of mankind derive their chief amusements from the deaths and sufferings of inferior animals; and a much greater, consider them only as engines of wood, or iron, useful in their several occupations. The carman drives his horse, and carpenter his nail, by repeated blows; and so long as these produce the desired effect, and they both go, they neither reflect or care whether either of them has any sense of feeling. The butcher knocks down the stately ox with no more compassion than the blacksmith hammers a horse-shoe; and plunges his knife into the throat of the innocent lamb, with as little reluctance as the taylor sticks his needle into the collar of a coat.

If there are some few, who, formed in a softer mould, view with pity the sufferings of these defenceless creatures, there is scarce one who entertains the least idea, that justice or gratitude can be due to their merits, or their services. The social and friendly dog is hanged without remorse, if, by barking in defence of his master's person and property, he happens unknowingly to disturb his rest: the generous horse, who has carried his ungrateful master for many years with ease and safety, worn out with age and infirmities contracted in his service, is

by him condemned to end his miserable days in a dust cart, where the more he exerts his little remains of spirit, the more he is whipped, to save his stupid driver the trouble of whipping some other less obedient to the lash. Sometimes, having been taught the practice of many unnatural and useless fears in a riding-house, he is at last turned out, and consigned to the dominion of a hackney-coachman, by whom he is every day corrected for performing those tricks, which he has learned under so long and severe a discipline. The sluggish bear, in contradiction to his nature, is taught to dance, for the diversion of a malignant mob, by placing red-hot irons under his feet: and the majestic bull is tortured by every mode, which malice can invent, for no offence, but that he is gentle, and unwilling to assail his diabolical tormentors. These, with innumerable other acts of cruelty, injustice, and ingratitude, are every day committed, not only with impunity, but without censure, and even without observation; but we may be assured, that they cannot finally pass away unnoticed, and unretaliated.

The laws of self-defence undoubtedly justify us in destroying those animals who would destroy us, who injure our properties, or annoy our persons; but not even these, whenever their situation incapacitates them from hurting us. I know of no right which we have to shoot a bear on an inaccessible island of ice, or an eagle on the mountain's top; whose lives cannot injure us, nor deaths procure us any benefit. We are unable to give life, and therefore ought not wantonly to take it away from the meanest insect, without sufficient reason: they all receive it from the same benevolent hand as ourselves, and have therefore an equal right to enjoy it.

God has been pleased to create numberless animals intended for our sustenance; and that they are so intended the agreeable flavour of their flesh to our palates, and the wholesome nutriment which it administers to our stomachs, are sufficient proofs: these, as they are formed for our use, propagated by our culture, and fed by our care, we have certainly a right to deprive of life, because it is given and preserved to them on that condition; but this should always be performed with all the tenderness and compassion which so disagreeable an office will permit; and no circumstances ought to be omitted, which can render their executions as quick and easy as possible. For this, Providence has wisely and benevolently provided, by forming them in such a manner, that their flesh

becomes rancid and unpalatable by a painful and lingering death; and has thus compelled us to be merciful without compassion, and cautious of their suffering, for the sake of ourselves: but, if there are any whose tastes are so vitiated, and whose hearts are so hardened, as to delight in such inhuman sacrifices, and to partake of them without remorse, they should be looked upon as dæmons in human shapes, and expect a retaliation of those tortures which they have inflicted on the innocent, for the gratification of their own depraved and unnatural appetites.

So violent are the passions of anger and revenge in the human breast, that it is not wonderful that men should prosecute their real or imaginary enemies with cruelty and malevolence; but that there should exist in nature a being who can receive pleasure from giving pain, would be totally incredible, if we were not convinced, by melancholy experience, that there are not only many, but that this unaccountable disposition is in some manner inherent in the nature of man; for, as he cannot be taught by example, nor led to it by temptation, or prompted to it by interest, it must be derived from his native constitution; and is a remarkable confirmation of what revelation so frequently inculcates—that he brings into the world with him an original depravity, the effects of a fallen and degenerate state; in proof of which we need only observe, that the nearer he approaches to a state of nature, the more predominant this disposition appears, and the more violently it operates. We see children laughing at the miseries which they inflict on every unfortunate animal which comes within their power: all savages are ingenious in contriving, and happy in executing the most exquisite tortures; and the common poeple of all countries are delighted with nothing so much as bull-baitings, prize-fightings, executions, and spectacles of cruelty and horror. Though civilization may in some degree abate this native ferocity, it can never quite extirpate it; the most polished are not ashamed to be pleased with scenes of little less barbarity, and, to the disgrace of human nature, to dignify them with the name of sports. They arm cocks with artificial weapons, which nature had kindly denied to their malevolence, and with shouts of applause and triumph, see them plunge them into each other's hearts: they view with delight the trembling deer and defenceless hare, flying for hours in

the utmost agonies of terror and despair, and at last, sinking under fatigue, devoured by their merciless pursuers: they see with joy the beautiful pheasant and harmless partridge drop from their flight, weltering in their blood, or perhaps perishing with wounds and hunger, under the cover of some friendly thicket to which they in vain retreated for safety: they triumph over the unsuspecting fish, whom they have decoyed by an insidious pretence of feeding, and drag him from his native element by a hook fixed to and tearing out his entrails: and, to add to all this, they spare neither labour nor expence to preserve and propagate these innocent animals, for no other end, but to multiply the objects of their persecution.

What name should we bestow on a superior Being, whose whole endeavours were employed, and whose whole pleasure consisted in terrifying, ensnaring, tormenting, and destroying mankind? whose superior faculties were exerted in fomenting animosities amongst them, in contriving engines of destruction, and inciting them to use them in maiming and murdering each other? whose power over them was employed in assisting the rapacious, deceiving the simple, and oppressing the innocent? who without provocation or advantage should continue, from day to day, void of all pity and remorse, thus to torment mankind for diversion, and at the same time endeavour with his utmost care to preserve their lives, and to propagate their species, in order to increase the number of victims devoted to his malevolence, and be delighted in proportion to the miseries which he occasioned? I say, what name detestable enough could we find for such a being? Yet, if we impartially consider the case, and our intermediate situation, we must acknowledge, that, with regard to inferior animals, just such a being is a sportsman.

BENEVOLUS.

COFFEE HOUSE POLITICIANS.

Quot homines tot sententiæ.—TER.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

BEING lately in a populous town (it matters not where) on a market-day, and being curious to learn the state of parties from the mercantile world, &c. *propriis personis*, I repaired to the principal tavern, and was fortunate enough to be in time for the ordinary. There was pre-

sent a number of well-dressed persons, who, during dinner, observed the strictest modesty and reserve, the conversation being confined to the monosyllables, *yes*, *no*, *good*, *bad*, in answer to as concise observations on the contents of the table. When the cloth was removed, each called out for what, I suppose, he *liked* best; for, presently, the table was garnished with various sorts of wine, which, had you been present and tasted, Mr. Conductor, I doubt not you would have compared to the boasted *Falern*, or *Massic* of Horace. I remarked, that after a few glasses had run down their throats, they began to look pleasant, and to be loquacious. Public men and public measures, in a short time, engaged their whole attention; and each delivered his sentiments as if sanctioned by a *Jubemus* of the Vatican.

"I never liked the members of the last administration, (cried a genteel-looking figure) because they had too good an opinion of themselves, and too mean an one of others;—because they talked much, and effected little. While they seemed the friends of liberty and equal taxation, and the enemies of peculation, they were undermining our liberties, by wishing to impose badges of subjugation on our poor, and trenching on the possessions of our rich—by a tax, unprecedented in the annals of the country;—who can ever think of 10*l.* per cent. without gnashing his teeth?"

"If I may be allowed to give my opinion," replied a person in the opposite corner, who appeared to be a mechanic, "I beg leave to say, that to tax the rich, and to bear lightly on the poor, are strong grounds for admiration and gratitude. The present administration would reverse measures; yea, to judge from their opposition to the abolition of the Slave-trade, would substitute our poor in the place of the Negroes, had they the power. They are all despotic as the grand Turk. The last ministers, God bless them! ought to have their names written in letters of gold for this work of humanity—this labour of love."

"Had that fellow (exclaimed a man, whose profession I could not conjecture,) considered the pernicious consequences of the abolition he so much admires, he would not have been so lavish of his praises on men, who effected it less from a conviction of any benefit to their country, than from a complacency to a certain set of enthusiastic religionists. What had they to do with slaves?

No wonder such blind and impolitic measures should induce the king to *oust* them, and bring in the present ministers. These, like good statesmen, reserve questions of morality and conscience for seasons of peace, and employ the resources of the nation in protecting our maritime rights, the grand bulwark of our sovereignty and independence. How their trimming Orders in Council have astounded our enemies, who begin to stare, and gape, and rave, and acknowledge us, as, indeed, *a powerful people!* Even the Americans, who lately talked so bigly and proudly, are *uncrested* and humbled—they would now concede any thing to recover our favour. The Order in Council, and the present ministers for ever—huzza!

"Truly, the gentleman is very warm in his defence of administration, (answered a modest American merchant,) but did he consider all the bearings—all the involutions and evolutions of these same Orders, I apprehend, he would not hesitate to subscribe, that the qualifying and mild orders of the late ministers were much better calculated to conciliate the belligerent powers, and bring them to a right understanding. To do the present ministers justice, however, I will not deny them the credit of sincerity; especially, as they seem disposed to relieve the *commercial*, by throwing a share of the burden on the *agricultural* part of the community"——

"—— Indeed! (interrupted a ruddy farmer, with a bottle of claret and pipes before him,) but I will drink neither health nor success to any ministers, who endeavour to depress the farming interest. God speed the plough! say I, and send us ministers, who will never suffer those times to return when farmers were forced to trudge to market afoot, and with *smock-frock* to hide a tattered garment! May they find even more Copenhagen work, than blunt, by measures the least oppressive, the *coulter* of the plough!"——

"Copenhagen work! (vociferated most of the company at the same time,) a glorious achievement—an infamous massacre—the work of cut-throats and assassins—a fit business for Goths and Vandals—the palladium of our naval glory—the disgrace of Britain—the curse of posterity—an illustrious monument of vigorous measures—the salvation of our country—the death-blow of the northern confederacy," &c. &c.

This topic created such a Babel of opinions, such up-

roar and disorder, that I immediately quitted the room. "Out upon it," cried I, in returning to my rural abode, "human nature is prone to extremes, and self-interest is its guide. If we could but consider, that we are all fallible creatures, and could act under the conviction of such a principle, we should *think and let think;* and the misery, which "flesh is heir to," would, in a good degree, be alleviated."

Adwick-le-Street, April 7, 1808. L. J. H.

SCOTCH MUSIC.

AMONGST the other polite arts which are encouraged and admired in this country, music seems to have as many votaries, and to be esteemed as much, as any other. There are few places where it is made a more requisite part of female education than at Edinburgh: almost every one above the common rank of mankind have some knowledge and taste in it. Though many of the tunes which in England are styled Scotch airs, are the production of modern imitators, and have been forged on the world as the genuine composition of this country, when they have been the offspring of a London music-shop; yet there are some of very great antiquity, which afford a specimen of the genius of the inhabitants in former ages in this science, and which to this day are universally approved of, as expressing the natural feelings of the heart, in the most tender, sympathetic, and soothing style. As every one of these pieces that have been handed down to us are of vocal music, it is most probable that the words, which are often highly poetical and beautiful, have been the cause of their longevity; notwithstanding as musical literature, they are greatly meritorious, and perhaps of the most emphatic, plaintive, sentimental harmony, of any compositions that ever existed.

Of the originality of this music, and of its estimation in foreign countries as well as in this, there cannot be a greater proof than an anecdote from Tassoni, the author of the celebrated mock-heroic poem of Sechia Rapita, who, in his pensieri diversi, tells us in what esteem a kind of music which was peculiar to this nation, was held even in Italy, that seat of the muses, long before the time of David Rizzio; and by his description of it, ex-

actly characterizes that species of which even now we have many and delightful examples *.

As the excellency of vocal music consists in the harmony being adapted to the sense and pronunciation of the words, as likewise to the accent and cadence of the language it is set to, which are different in every different country, and vary as much as the genius and disposition of the inhabitants; so these ancient Scotch tunes are wonderfully beautiful in this respect, and appear with more charms in proportion as you become acquainted with the natives, and their manner of speaking and expressing their thoughts; as they are formed on sounds which are familiar to you every where in the country, and here alone have their peculiar grace. Were you to hear a Scotch lady repeat the verses of any of the true original songs, and afterwards to sing them to the notes, you would find such an affinity to the tone of her voice in speaking, that the notes would appear only the accents of the language made exquisitely sweet and musical. The sentiments also of these songs consisting of that pensive, dying softness, and expressed in such tender and passionate words, which are so conformable to the genius and inclination of the women, whose hearts are susceptible of every impression when assisted with the power of such harmony, make it impossible to conceive any human eloquence more delightful and more persuasive.

The modern music of this country (of which there are very few composers, notwithstanding the great encouragement it meets with, and makes one of the principal diversions of every great town in Scotland) is not of the same excellence, or breathes that natural spirit and agreeable sweetness which distinguishes that of former times. At present they rather endeavour to imitate other nations, than to have a style peculiar to themselves; and their pieces are made up of such variety of tastes, that they may be said to be harmonic oglios. DONALD.

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* It is generally imagined, that David Rizzio was the author of this species of music; but if any credit may be given to Tassoni, it is of much greater antiquity; whose words are,

" Noi ancora possiamo commumerar trà Nostri Jacabo Re di Scozia, che non pur cose sacre compose in canto, ma trovó da sestesso una nuova musica lamentavole et mesta, differente da tutte l'altre. Nelchi poi è stato imitato da Don Carlo Gesvaldo Principe di Venosa, chi in questa nostra etá hà illustrata anch' egli la musica con nuove mirabile invenzione."

ESSAYS ON LITERATURE AND HUMANITY.

No. III.

ON THE SONNETS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY, AND SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

"————*Et sapiens, et fortis, et alter Homerus,*
Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur,
Quo promissa cadant."——

THE plea of Southey, that "they are the desultory productions of a man sedulously employed upon better things," is not sufficiently strong to excuse the inferiority of his minor poems.

Either through a want of judgment, or expectation of profit, they have been given to the world; and thus laid open to the impartial severity of criticism. The first of these reasons is to be pitied, the latter despised.

Mr. Southey does not seem to have been aware, that it is more difficult to lose a reputation, than to gain one; that where much has been performed, much is expected; and though a name may have some influence on the mob, yet it is not a sufficient passport for weakness and puerility amongst those who have the courage to judge for themselves.

The above remarks are equally applicable to his sonnets, as to his other occasional poems. They are sometimes graced by the brightest gems of poetry, but too often deformed by false feeling, quaintness, affectation, and inanity.

They are such uneven compositions, that it would be impossible to select one as a specimen of the whole: he has attempted the humour of the burlesque, and the grandeur of the sublime: I shall therefore select a few, such as may probably justify my censure, and confirm my praise.

The following are two of his most pleasing efforts:—

"Beware a speedy friend, the Arabian said,
And wisely was it he advised distrust.
The flower that blossoms earliest fades the first.
Look at yon oak that lifts its stately head

And dallies with the autumnal storm, whose rage
  Tempests the ocean waves; slowly it rose,
Slowly its strength increased through many an age,
  And timidly did its light leaves unclose,
As doubtful of the spring, their palest green.
  They to the summer cautiously expand,
  And by the warmer sun and season bland
Matur'd, their foliage in the grove is seen,
When the bare forest by the wintry blast
Is swept, still lingering on the boughs the last."

" Not to thee, Bedford! mournful is the tale
  Of days departed. Time, in his career,
  Arraigns not thee that the neglected year
Has pass'd unheeded onward. To the vale
Of years thou journiest; may the future road
  Be pleasant as the past! and on my friend
  Friendship and Love, best blessings! still attend,
'Till full of days he reach the calm abode
Where nature slumbers. Lovely is the age
  Of virtue: with such reverence we behold
  The silver hairs, as some grey oak, grown old,
That whilome mock'd the rushing tempest's rage,
Now like the monument of strength decayed,
With rarely-sprinkled leaves casting a trembling shade."

The tenth sonnet, in the volume published in 1805, is an instance of the puerile affectation which sometimes disgraces his noblest thoughts :—

" O God! have mercy in this dreadful hour
  On the poor mariner! In comfort here,
  Safe shelter'd as I am, I almost fear
The blast that rages with resistless pow'r.
  What were it now to toss upon the waves,—
The madden'd waves, and know no succour near;
The howling of the storm alone to hear,
  And the wild sea that to the tempest raves;
To gaze upon the horrors of the night,
And only see the billows' gleaming light;
  Amid the dread of death to think of her,
Who, as she listens sleepless to the gale,
Puts up a silent prayer, and waxes pale!—
  O God! have mercy on the mariner."

And the one I now transcribe, may give a just idea of his attempts at humour:

" TO A GOOSE.

" If thou didst feed on western plains of yore;
  Or waddle wide with flat and flabby feet
Over some Cambrian mountain's plashy moor;
  Or find in farmer's yard a safe retreat

From gipsey thieves, and foxes sly and fleet;
If thy grey quills, by lawyer guided, trace
Deeds big with ruin to some wretched race,
Or love-sick poet's sonnet, sad and sweet,
Wailing the rigor of some lady fair;
Or if the drudge of housemaid's daily toil,
Cobwebs and dust, thy pinions white besoil,
Departed Goose! I neither know nor care.
But this I know, that thou wert very fine,
Season'd with sage, and onions, and port wine."

Upon the whole, I do not consider the productions of Southey's, as at all likely to afford any assistance in overcoming the prejudices which are cherished against this species of composition.

Samuel Egerton Brydges is one of the numerous writers of the present day who are possessed of elegance and feeling, rather than originality of genius. But his feeling too often borders upon unnatural conceit, and his elegance is sometimes mingled with harshness, and sometimes with unmeaning weakness. If we may judge from the biographical accounts of which he is the subject, he seems to be a man, whose refined sensibility has led him to fancy much greater miseries than he has ever experienced:—but the happiness of another is a point upon which no man can speak with decision.

The first of the two sonnets I now copy is undoubtedly his best; it is original, and shews a considerable degree of poetic fancy. The second, however, (not taking in view his palpable imitations of Milton,) is rather to be considered as a general specimen:—

"ON ECHO AND SILENCE.

Oct. 20, 1782,

In eddying course, when leaves began to fly,
And Autumn in her lap the stores to strew,
As mid wild scenes I chanc'd the Muse to woo,
Thro' glens untrod, and woods that frown'd on high,
Two sleeping Nymphs with wonder mute I spy:—
And lo! she's gone.——In robe of dark-green hue
'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew:
For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky.
In shade affrighted Silence melts away.
Not so her sister. Hark! For onward still,
With far-heard step, she takes her listening way,
Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill:
Ah! mark the merry maid, in mockful play,
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!"

WRITTEN AT WOOTTON, IN KENT.

"Ye scenes, my melancholy soul that fill,
Where Nature's voice no crowds tumultuous drown,
And but thro' breaks of trees, the lawn that crown.
The paths of men are seen; and farther still,
Scarce peeps the city-spire o'er many an hill!
Your green retreats, lone walks, and shadows brown,
While sheep feed round beneath the branches' frown,
Shall calm my mind, and holy thoughts instil.
What tho' with passion oft my trembling frame
Each real and each fancied wrong inflame,
Wand'ring alone I here my thoughts reclaim:
Resentment sinks, Disgust within me dies;
And Charity, and meek Forgiveness rise,
And melt my soul, and overflow mine eyes."

It was my intention to have completed these essays on the writers of the sonnet, in an unbroken series; but as the study is not *generally* interesting, I shall, for the future, diversify them with other subjects; and a paper on the most proper characters for dramatic representation, with which I have been favoured by a correspondent, will form the contents of my next number.

Liverpool, April 14, 1808. W. M. T.

OLD AGE NOT DESIRABLE.

THE *Gerocomicé*, or art of prolonging life to old persons, is ascribed to Herodicus, one of Hippocrates's masters; who is censured for it by Plato, and I think very justly. For, why should people be made anxious to live, when they can in reality no longer enjoy life? when they are soon to be a burden to themselves and all about them?

Gassendus is said to have lamented, while the physicians were bleeding him to death, that he "perished in a fresh and vigorous old age;" but I know not how to believe it of him: Gassendus was too wise for this. A man of sixty-four, as Gassendus nearly was, however unimpaired in either body or mind, may justly be reckoned, according to Horace's idea, *convivo satur;* and to any offers made him might then, as I should think, with sincerity reply, that he had indeed *had enough of every thing*.

Is it not astonishing, that such men as Bacon and Descartes should engage in so wild and unphilosophical an attempt, as that of extending life beyond its natural

boundaries? Bacon, aware of objections, affects to apologize for it; but his apology is so absurd, that one might almost suppose him not in earnest. "Though the life "of mortals," says he, "be nothing else but a mass and "accumulation of sins and sorrows, and though they, "who aspire after an eternal life, set but small value "upon a temporal: yet the continuation of works of cha-"rity is not to be despised even by us Christians." *Hist. of Life and Death.*

S.

THE ARTS.

No. XV.

ANECDOTES AND ECCENTRICITIES OF PAINTERS.

Cornelius Dusart.—This Painter's most intimate friend was Dingemans, who was a great collector of prints and drawings, and a constant visitor of Dusart; and that friend having one day sat with him for some time, and leaving him while he went home to fetch a curious drawing for his amusement, at his return in about half an hour, found Dusart lying dead on his bed. Whether that unexpected sight affected Dingemans too violently, or whether grief for the sudden loss of his friend, made too strong an impression on his mind, is uncertain, but he died on that very day, and the two friends were interred together in the same church.

Francis Hals.—Vandyck had conceived so high an opinion of the merits of Hals, by having examined several of his performances, that he went to Haerlem where that Artist lived, with no other intention than to pay him a visit; and introduced himself as a gentleman on his travels, who wished to have his portrait painted, and yet had but two hours to spare for that purpose. Hals, who was hurried away from the tavern, took the first canvas that lay in his reach, and sat down to his work in a very expeditious manner. In a short time he had proceeded so far, that he desired Vandyck to look at what he had done; and that artist not only seemed to be much pleased, but told Hals that such work seemed so very easy, he was persuaded he could do it himself.

Immediately he took the palette and pencils, made Frank Hals sit down, and spent a quarter of an hour in painting his portrait; but the moment Hals cast his eyes on it, he cried out in astonishment, that no hand except that of Vandyck could work so wonderfully, and he embraced him with a degree of transport not to be described.

MELCHIOR HONDEKOETER.—It is reported, that he had trained up a cock to stand in any attitude he wanted to describe, and that it was his custom to place that creature near his easel; so that at the motion of his hand the bird would fix itself in the proper posture, and would continue in that particular position, without the smallest perceptible alteration, for several hours at a time.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

I AM one of those happy few who not having any real woe to intercept the frolics of fancy, nor being so much in fortune's favour as to suppose my present condition unimproveable, I entertain myself with drawing a curtain across the existing state of things, and by a talismanic touch of imagination raise "a frost work" fabric of pleasure. As the architecture of these fragile palaces has more or less employed the idle hours of most people, it may not be useless to display the wonderful effects of such visionary felicity.

Those plain matter of fact men, who follow the monotone routine of their avocation without the interference of an aerial prospect, can have no adequate idea of the happiness enjoyed by a castle builder. In the lassitude of an easy chair, drawn near the bright blaze of a cheerful fire, he closes his mind upon the cloudy atmosphere of real life, and indulges delightful visions of bliss.

The philosopher discontented with the existing state of things, delineates with dazzling effects his conception of a perfect character or a faultless government. The votaries of Parnassus lose the feelings of biting poverty, and still more biting neglect; and scan the highest summit of poetic fame. The merchant raises or sinks the stocks at pleasure: and the courtier sees a coronet glittering through his politics. Thus the castle builder

aided by the genius of imagination rears an edifice of happiness, and even feels the genial reflection upon his temper, until the snapping of a coal or the shutting of a door shatters the vision, and sober truth wrests from imagination her plastic wand.

Thus it is that hope gilds our most trivial prospects; guided by her we hold a torch into futurity, and on the blank of undistinguished gloom she pencils out her etherial forms; the dominion of this benign power over the minds of men is exercised alike to alleviate misery and athwart the labyrinth of time to sparkle in gay beams.

The following sketch of her attainment to the dignity of consolation was transmitted to me by the friendship of her sister Imagination, whose anxiety to establish the foundation of Hope's empire, entrusted her manuscript with a juvenile votary, to place it in the Cabinet of Polite Literature. Assisted by the wand of this genius, I have traced her wishes, and delegate their completion to the criticisms of Minerva: I beg indulgence from her court, in your Cabinet assembled,

And remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

S. F.

TRUTH AND HOPE.

For many years Truth and Hope had been in open warfare, or scarce able to preserve a slender truce. The orginal question of their dispute arose from the zeal of Truth, who wished to wean her votaries from all deceiving principles, and earnestly insisted, that the delusions of Hope might be erased from the creed of her followers.

To this demand Hope would not gently yield, she urged that her lineage was from Mercy and Pity; Truth asserted her origin from Wisdom and Eternity. As an endless argument might take place upon the merits of either genealogy, the contending powers deemed it advisable to decide the contest by a general muster of their adherents. The forces of Hope were headed by her eldest born, Joy. Innocence conducted the army of her mother Truth; but what was the dismay of the latter power, when she perceived the whole race of mankind enlist under her adversaries banners; their numbers alarmed the prudence of Truth, and forbearing to stake the majesty

of her attributes upon the decision of a battle, she sent Innocence to hold a parley with Joy; clothed with every retiring grace, and glittering with the reflection from her mother's beams, the soft-eyed maid advanced; Joy was immediately struck by her irresistible charms, and conceived the design of listening to her terms, and of proposing to conclude the war by enriching their destinies, a request so unexpected could not be answered immediately; Innocence after some consideration had decided to decline his offer, when Mercy flew from the skies, and represented the dreadful carnage of battle, and the exterminating horror of war; melted by these arguments Innocence reclined upon the advice of Mercy; and a proclamation was issued through the camp that Joy would wed the daughter of Truth; and thus dissipate dissention, and tie a knot of concord between the two most powerful delegates of heaven.

The Father of all created powers, anxious for the exaltation of Truth, lifted her from the nether world, in order that she may dispense her blessings from his throne.

Hope having acquired universal dominion on earth would not desert her steady advocate, but by her connexion with Truth diffuses a bright effulgence across the gloomy ramblings of men. Joy sustains the wandering pilgrims to retrace the steps of Innocence, and the consolations of Hope only yield to certainty as time lengthens into eternity

London, April, 1808. S. F.

COFFEE AND CHOCOLATE.

COFFEE, the seed of a tree or shrub of the jessamine species, originally a native of Arabia, but now thriving in the West Indies, where it is become an important article of English commerce.

The flower is yellow, and the berry juicy, containing two seeds; these when gathered, have a farinaceous bitter taste, but are wholly without that peculiar smell and flavour, imparted to them by fire, and for which, an infusion or decoction of them is so generally admired.

This fashionable beverage, almost a necessary of life to the merchant, the politician, and the author, on its

first introduction in Asia, caused a violent religious schism among the mahometan doctors, almost as early as the thirteenth century, although it was not 'till towards the middle of the sixteenth, that a coffee-house, properly so called, was established at Constantinople: its discovery was announced by a miraculous legendary tale, which each sect relates in its own way.

"A dervise," says a certain heterodox rational Mussulman, if such there can be, "a dervise, overflowing with zeal or with bile, was sorely troubled, on observing, that his brethren were not animated by a spirit active as his own: he saw, with concern, that they were listless and drowsy in the performance of their religious exercises, their ecstacies, their howlings, their whirlings round, their vertigoes, their bellowings and laborious breathings," in which, at a certain period, the Turkish priests equalled, or surpassed, the most enthusiastic of the followers of Barclay and of Fox.

"The dissatisfied dervise, taking a solitary walk, to soothe his disturbed spirits, or cool his heated imagination, observed that the cattle became suddenly and remarkably playsome and lively, after feeding on a certain leaf; judging, by analogy, that the same effect might be produced on *other animals*, he gave his companions a strong infusion of it; their heaviness and torpor were almost instantly removed, and they performed the parts allotted to them with exemplary activity and vigour; the leaf, so powerful in its effects, proved to be the shrub from which coffee-berries afterwards were gathered."

"Listen not to such profane heresies," says an orthodox doctor of Mecca, "it was in the six hundred and fifty-sixth year of the Hegira (about the middle of the thirteenth century of the Christian æra) that Abouhasan Schazali, on a pilgrimage to the tomb of our most holy prophet, sinking under fatigue, extreme heat, and old age, called unto him Omar, a venerable Scheick, his friend and companion. and thus addressed him:

"Teacher of the faithful! the angel of death hath laid his hand upon me; cleansed from my corruptions in the waters of Paradise, I hope soon to be in the presence of our prophet; but I cannot depart in peace, 'till I have done justice to thy zeal, thy faith, and thy friendship; persevere in the path thou hast so long trod, and rely on him, who drove the infidels like sheep before him, to extricate thee from all thy difficulties: farewell, some-

timesthink of Abouhasan, pity his errors, and do justice to his good name:' he would have spoken further, but his breath failed, his eyes became dim, and pressing that hand he was to press no more, he expired without a groan.

"Having performed the last office of friendship, Omar pursued his way: but, a few days after, lost in devout contemplation, or overwhelmed with sorrow, he wandered from his associates in the caravan, and was not sensible of the danger of his situation, 'till involved in one of those whirlwinds, which raising into the air, the sandy soil of that country, generally prove destructive.

"Falling on his face, the fury of the blast, and the thick cloud of sand passed over him: almost suffocated with dust, notwithstanding the precaution he had taken, separated from the companions of his journey, without water to moisten his parched mouth, and fainting for want of sustenance, he gave himself up for a lost man; the stream of life was propelled with difficulty, perception and sensation began to fail, and believing himself in the agonies of death, he poured forth a mental ejaculation to the Allah.

"An angel of light immediately stood before him, waving his hand thrice towards the holy city, and pronouncing deliberately three mysterious words, a limpid stream suddenly gushed from the ground, and a luxuriant shrub sprung forth from the barren sand of the desert; bathing the temples, the eyes, and the lips of Omar, with the refreshing fluid, the celestial messenger disappeared.

"The cool stream, and the berries plucked from the miraculous tree, soon recovered the sinking man; he poured forth his soul in thanksgiving, and sunk into a deep sleep, from which he awoke in full vigour, and spirits.

"Omar, with renewed strength, soon rejoined the caravan, and relating the supernatural circumstance, a mosque was erected on the spot, by the zeal and contributions of true believers; coffee, that wonderful shrub, the peculiar gift of our prophet, and more particularly the produce of his favoured country, still continues the solace, cordial, and comforter of his devoted followers."

This singular specimen of Turkish superstition, in which the Mahometan appears to have encroached on the prerogatives of the Vatican, is taken from a curious

book, which, previous to the Gallic Revolution, was in the library of the King of France, and presented to Lewis the fifteenth, by Said, an ambassador from the Porte to the court of Versailles.

It is called in the title page, Dgihan Numa, that is, a description of the world, and was printed at Constantinople, in seventeen hundred and thirty-one, adorned with plates, and illustrated by maps; the author, or rather the compiler, was Kiatib Cheleli, a learned doctor of the Turkish law.

"Coffee," says this enlightened mussulman, who, shaking off the stupidity and indolence of his countrymen, assumes the character of a medical enquirer, after he has quitted that of an implicit believer, "coffee is a rejoicer of the heart, an enlivener of conversation, a sovereign restorative, after the fatigues of study, of labor, or of love; its peculiar characteristic is, to comfort the stomach, nourish the nerves, and to protect the frame against the debilitating effects of a hot climate and a fiery atmosphere.

"Taken an hour after dinner, it prevents an accumulation of crudities in the first passages, is an infallible remedy for the horrors of digestion, and the *megrims*."

It was not probable that so wholesome, and agreeable an article of diet, would be long confined to Asia; it is said to have been introduced to the fashionable circles of Paris, by Thevenot, in sixteen hundred and sixty-nine, but had been made use of in London as an exotic luxury before that time.

The first coffee-house opened in the British metropolis, was in George Yard, Lombard-street, by Rosqua, the Greek servant of a Turkey merchant, in the year sixteen hundred and fifty-two; its flavour was considered so delicate, and it was thought by the statesmen of those days, (no very reputable characters) to promote society and political conversation so much, that a duty of fourpence was laid on every gallon made and sold.

But, Anthony Wood earnestly insists, that there was a house, for selling coffee, at Oxford, two years before Rosqua commenced the trade in London; "that those who delighted in *novelty*, drank it at the sign of the angel, in that university, a house kept by an *outlandish* Jew."

In another part of his works, he says, that Nathaniel Conopius, a native of Crete, and a fugitive from Con-

stantinople, but residing in the year sixteen hundred and forty-eight, at Baliol college, Oxford, made, and drank every morning, a drink called *coffey*, the first ever made use of in that ancient university.

This popular beverage is mentioned in a tract published by judge Rumsey, in sixteen hundred and fifty-nine, entitled "Organum Salutis, or an instrument to cleanse the stomach; together with divers new experiments on the virtues of tobacco and coffee."

It is observed in this work, by a correspondent of the author, "that apprentices, clerks, and others, formerly used to take their morning draught, in ale, beer, or wine, which, by the dizziness they cause in the brain, make many unfit for business; but that now they may safely play the good fellow, in this wakeful civil drink, for the introduction of which, first in London, the respect of the whole nation is due to Mrs. Muddiford."

Chocolate, *then*, is a preparation from the seeds of a small American tree, called, by botanists Cacao Guatimalensis, bearing a large red fruit, in the shape of a cucumber, which generally contains twenty or thirty of the nuts, boiled and prepared according to art.

This highly nutritious, agreeable, and, to many, wholesome drink, became on its first introduction, a subject of strong agitation, and warm contest, with many conscientious and scrupulous catholics.

Approaching in its original form, and in its alimentary properties, so nearly to solid diet, it was doubted, by the timid and the devout, whether enjoying so delicious and invigorating a luxury in Lent, and other seasons appointed by the church for fasts, was not violating, or eluding a sacred and indispensible ordinance.

That party which was unwilling to resign their chocolate, quoted the words of Saint Thomas, who repeatedly asserts, that it is by solid food only, that a fast can be properly said to be broken; that if it is unlawful to drink this liquor on fast days, because of the portion of solid cocoa contained in it; by the same rule, wine and beer, which on these occasions have never been interdicted, might be forbidden; as the first contains a large proportion of the saccharine substance of the grape, and the latter, suspends rather than dissolves the whole of the farina of the grain.

The chocolate drinkers were opposed by a powerful party of rigid disciplinarians, and austere devotees; a

Spanish physician wrote a Latin treatise, expressly against what appeared to him so impious a practice on a fast day; his book, entitled Tribunal Medico-Magicum, exhibits much zeal and some learning; that he was strongly attached to the luxury against which he declaims, is a strong presumption in favour of his sincerity.

The Spaniard's book was answered, by a cardinal of the catholic church, in a candid and agreeable way; it was the opinion of the ecclesiastic, supported, indeed, by reason and experience, that neither chocolate nor wine, taken in moderation, could, strictly speaking, be construed into breaking a fast; yet, he hoped, that such a concession, would not be made a pretext, by sensuality and wickedness, for using them to excess, by which some of our greatest blessings are converted into curses; as, whatever tempts or occasions us to overstep the bounds of nature and of temperance, can never be defended by the canons of the church.

The Roman prelate concludes his rational and truly pious book, written in Latin, not unworthy of the Augustan age, with the following words, which ought to be written in letters of gold, in some conspicuous part of every eating room in Europe.

"The infidel and voluptuary may ridicule the idea of the Almighty Creator of the universe, being pleased, or displeased, with a man for having a full or an empty stomach; but whatever tends, directly or remotely, to subdue rebellious passions, and subject a creature like man to the restraints of reason and religion, cannot fail being a matter of the highest importance to our well-doing here, and our everlasting destiny hereafter. C. P. B.

ORIGINAL NOTES ON SHAKSPEARE†.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Act I. Scene 7.

Pro. "O how the spring of love resembleth——
Th' uncertain glory of an April day!
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away."

The first of these lines is evidently a syllable deficient, and as a filler up, Dr Johnson says, he can find nothing that will rhyme to *sun*; and, accordingly, he attempts to

† This and the succeeding article should have been inserted in the Dramatic Department.

connect the quatrain by the expedient of changing *sun* into *light*, and then putting *right* in the *blank*. This seems a violent emendation. I should rather think the word wanting is *one*; and then the meaning of the passage might be as if *Protheus* had said,—"Oh how this spring of love makes *one* resemble (or a *person's* fortunes look like) an April day, checkered with clouds and sun-shine."

Act II. Scene 7.

Pro. "'Tis but her *picture* I have yet beheld."

Dr Johnson says, "This is evidently a slip of inatention, for he had seen her in the last scene, and in high terms offered her his service." True:—But *Protheus* in the remark, does not, I presume, consider her *person* as herself; *that* he conceives to rest in her *mind*, or *perfections*, of which the *person* is but the *picture*. The whole context proves this to be the idea of the poet,—and the line immediately above,—"*How shall I doat on* HERE *with more advice*,"—should doubtless be,—"*How shall I doat on* HER *with more advice*." That is, when he was become better acquainted with her *mental* endowments. H.

NOTANDA DRAMATICA.

No. V.

1. GEORGE I. AND THE SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.

It is pretty generally known, that George I. held a firm opinion, that his queen had proved false to his bed, and that the object of her affections was count Koningsmark. So strongly did this opinion work on the monarch's mind, that he confined his queen in a castle of his own in Hanover, and was resolved never to own George II. for his son. But his friends represented to him, that it would not only bring infamy upon himself, but divert the line of succession from his family.

These considerations were powerful, and he saw the necessity of following such salutary advice. Accordingly, in public, he was obliged to own the prince for his son, though in private, and to his intimate favourites, he stedfastly and constantly declared, that he (the prince) was not the issue of his loins. The reason that he gave for maintaining an opinion of his queen's infidelity was, that having an occasion to enter her closet very late one night, he found her asleep on a sofa, and a man's hat (which he knew to belong to count Koningsmark) lying by her;

and as he thought the circumstance to amount to a full proof of her incontinency, he took the barbarous resolulution of confining her in the castle, where she died.

Some time after this, Dr. Hoadly, reflecting on the above circumstance, worked up the comedy of the Suspicious Husband, the principal plot of which is the causeless jealousy of Mr. Strickland, which the author artfully confirms by introducing Ranger's hat in Mrs. Strickland's chamber, which being found by Mr. Strickland, confirms his suspicion, and he resolves to part with his lady. This play the doctor dedicated to King Geo. II. who was so highly pleased with it, that he ordered a private gratification of 1000 guineas, and some other emoluments to the author; was present at the first representation, and was so charmed with Mr. Garrick's performance of Ranger, that he honoured the house with his presence for several nights during the run of the play.

2. ORIGINAL CHARACTER OF GARRICK.

BY MR. GAHAGAN†

GARRICK had great merit in getting the pompous gait and manner of the old stage, but he ran from one extreme to another; and his principal attention was given to manner and gesture: for in his gravest and most tragical parts, he had recourse to trick; and those actors who copied him were execrable; but he had uncommon spirit and discernment in distinguishing characters and passions of a lively and impetuous kind, by which he gained applause from all ranks of people. He certainly was a wonderful actor, and had an excellent stage face, a quick piercing eye, and countenance which was well adapted to his parts: he had also the art of imposing upon the town, so as to be thought more universal than he really was; and comedy was certainly his *forte*, though he acted a few parts in tragedy very well. He could not bear to hear any of the actors praised who went before him, and could not conceal his envy when the conversation turned upon the merits of BOOTH, WILKS, CIBBER, or QUIN; nay, I have been assured that he was even jealous of Mrs. PRITCHARD, and other actresses, who gave him great uneasiness, and rendered him miserable. He had many

† See concluding paragraph in the account of Quin, in our last number, page 270

enemies, and has been much censured in his private character. He was too cunning and too selfish, to be loved or respected, and so immoderately fond of money and praise, that he expected that you should cram him with flattery. He was a kind of spoiled child, whom you must humour in all his ways and follies.

He was often in extremes of civility, or sly impertinence,—provoking and timid by turns. If he handed you a tea-cup or glass, you must take it as a great condescension; and he often called to you in the street, to tell you, in a loud voice, and at some distance, that he intended you the honour of a visit;—this, some wag termed a visit in perspective. He was sour and waspish to a degree of folly; and had creatures about him, who were stationed spies, and gave him intelligence of every idle word that was said of him, at the same time, they misrepresented or exaggerated what passed in order to gratify him. He was very entertaining, and could tell a story with great humour; but he was generally posting to his interest, and so taken up with his own concerns, that he seldom was a pleasant companion. He was stiff and strained, and more an actor in company than on the stage, as GOLDSMITH has described him. In short, he was an unhappy man, with all his success and fame, and wore himself out in fretting and solicitude about his worldly affairs, and in theatrical squabbles and altercations. Though he loved money, he was friendly on some occasions, and liberal to persons in distress; but he had the knack of making his acquaintance useful and subservient to him, and always had his interest in view. His levees put you in mind of a court, where you see mean adulation, insincerity, pride, and vanity,—and the little man in ecstacy at hearing himself applauded by a sort of toad-eaters, and hungry poets.

As an author, he was not without merit, having written some smart epigrams, prologues, epilogues, and farces; and, to do him justice, he was not very vain of his writing.

To conclude of him as an actor,—

> "Take him for all and all,
> I shall not look upon his like again."

As a man, he had failings which we must make allowance for, when we consider that he was intoxicated, and even corrupted, by the great incense and court paid him by his admirers.

LEGEND.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

Marmion; a Tale of Flodden-field. By Walter Scott, Esq. 4to. pp. about 500. *Constable & Co. Edinburgh. W. Miller & J. Murray. London,* 1808. £1. 11. 6.

THE strength of some minds is exhausted by their first effort; and several writers have by their early publications led us to form hopes which were never realized.

It is not thus with Mr. Scott; every new work which he produces adds to the fame he had acquired by the former, and excites our wishes that "another and another still succeed."

Indeed, possessed of such a poetical mind, so prepared by previous reading, and so enriched by the lore of antiquity, it was almost impossible he should fail in the mode of composition which he has chosen.

In reviewing a work then, like the volume before us, little more is left for the critic than to select its beauties; but where they are so numerous even the task of selection is arduous.

It is formed on the same model as "the Lay of the last Minstrel;" superior perhaps in execution, yet marked by the same excellencies, and sometimes by the same faults.

Before we proceed to notice its poetical merits, we shall present our readers with an analysis of the story, and of the introductions which are prefixed to each canto; from which we shall afterwards transcribe such passages, as we think will warrant the praise we have bestowed on this tale of Flodden-field.

We are conscious how much it must be injured by being translated from the glowing and energetic poetry of Mr. Scott, into feeble prose, but, as we could not make such extracts as would give a sufficient idea of its various incidents, we shelter ourselves behind the forcible, though hacknied, plea of necessity.

The "Introduction to Canto I." is addressed to Wm. Stewart Rose, Esq. It contains some beautiful and original description; an animated tribute to the memorie of Pitt, Fox, and Nelson; and a noble encomium on Dryden.

"CANTO I. The Castle:" Opens with Marmion's entrance into the castle of Sir Hugh the Heron, whilst journeying through Scotland on an embassy from Henry the VIII. to James the IV. He solicits Sir Hugh for a guide, who appoints for that purpose an Holy Palmer, then his guest, and the canto closes with a description of Marmion's leaving the castle. "Introduction to Canto II." is addressed to the Rev. John Marriot, M. A. and is an amiable and pleasing effusion of friendship.

"CANTO II. The Convent:" describes the Abbess of St. Hilda, and five of her nuns, on a voyage from Whitby to "St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle;" one of whom is Clara de Clare. On their arrival at the Abbey of St. Cuthbert, the Abbess of St. Hilda, the Prioress of Tynemouth, and the Abbot of St. Cuthbert meet in "a secret aisle beneath," called the Vault of Penitence. A guilty pair are brought before them, one of whom

> "Her sex a page's dress belied;
> The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
> Obscured her charms, but could not hide.
> Her cap down o'er her face she drew;
> And, on her doublet breast,
> She tried to hide the badge of blue,
> Lord Marmion's falcon crest.
> But, at the prioress' command,
> A monk undid the silken band,
> That tied her tresses fair,
> And raised the bonnet from her head,
> And down her slender form they spread,
> In ringlets rich and rare.
> Constance de Beverly they know,
> Sister professed of Fonteoraud,
> Whom the church numbered with the dead,
> For broken vows, and convent fled."
> "Her comrade was a sordid soul,
> Such as does murder for a meed;
> Who, but of fear, knows no controul,
> Because his conscience, seared and foul,
> Feels not the import of his deed;
> One, whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires
> Beyond his own more brute desires."

They are doom'd to be immured in two narrow cells within the vault of Penitence, but before the abbot pronounces their sentence, Constance makes an effort to address her judges, and, in a most beautiful passage, describes herself as seduced from the convent and the veil by the vows of Lord Marmion, whom she follows as a

page for three years, when he meets with Clara de Clare, and "Constance was beloved no more." His claim to Clara is obstructed by her being plighted to De Wilton; to remove this obstacle Marmion charges his rival with treason, who attempts to clear his fame by the ordeal of single combat; but he is wounded and overthrown, his lands confiscated, deserted by his followers, and is supposed to leave the kingdom. Constance now produces a packet to prove the innocence of De Wilton, and proceeds to inform them that Clara, to avoid the murderer of her lover, had fled to the convent of Whitby, where it was Marmion's intention to pursue her.—

"I lingered here, and rescue plann'd
For Clara and for me:
This caitiff monk, for gold, did swear,
He would to Whitby's shrine repair,
And, by his drugs, my rival fair
A saint in heav'n should be;
But ill the dastard kept his oath,
Whose cowardice hath undone us both."

* * * *

"Now, men of death, work forth your will,
For I can suffer, and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but death who comes at last."

The abbot now pronounces their doom, they are enclosed for ever in the dungeon, and the canto closes.

We have been thus particular in our sketch of the present canto, as on it, in a great measure, depends the interest of the story, and it also displays the genius of Mr. Scott to as much advantage as the noble canto which closes the romance: the dignified firmness of Constance, and the abject terror of the monk are admirably contrasted.

"Introduction to CANTO III." Is addressed to Wm. Erskine Esq. It is an elegant and animated piece of poetry, and contains a beautiful, though unnecessary apology for the wild licence of his "desultory song." An eulogy on the late duke of Brunswick, is introduced in the same spirited manner as those in the first: and the merit of Joanna Baillie is also repaid by a deserved and elegant encomium; indeed the whole of Mr. Scott's compliments are so just and discriminating that the most diffident mind need not shrink from receiving them.

"CANTO III. The Hostel or Inn." This canto commences with Lord Marmion's halting on his journey at a

village inn ; and here the manners of the times are admirably depicted. Whilst amidst his train he is apalled by the piercing glance of the Palmer, and to chace his fear, calls upon Fitz-Eustace, his squire, for a song ; a beautiful imitation of the ancient ballad is introduced, which reminding him of his cruelty to Constance, adds to the melancholy it was intended to dissipate, and he exclaims

" Is it not strange, that, as ye sung,
Seem'd in mine ear a death-peal rung,
Such as in nunneries they toll
For some departing sister's soul?
Say what may this portend?
Then first the Palmer silence broke,
(The live-long day he had not spoke)
" *The death of a dear friend.*"

Marmion is still more oppressed by the speech of the Palmer ; the image of Constance de Beverly rises on his mind, and he pictures what may be her fate, till awakened from his reverie by the host, who asks permission to relate a legend that is brought to his mind by the words of the Palmer.

Marmion coldly assents, and the host tells, how Alexander King of Scotland, seeking from a magician in the neighbourhood, to know his fate in an approaching battle, is directed to go to a certain spot where on winding his bugle a spirit in the form of his deadliest foe will appear, whom if he overcome, he can command to shew him the deeds of futurity. Alexander goes to the appointed place, winds his bugle, and the form of Edward the first of England appears; they encounter, the elphin knight is overthrown, and compelled to shew Alexander his future conquests over the Danes.

Here we could not help smiling to see the recent attack on Denmark introduced ; even were the memory of such an event worthy of being perpetuated, it is still forcibly brought forward ; but we should have thought that Mr. Scott, with the warm feelings of a poet, could not have contemplated it, except with shame, disgust, and horror.—

To resume our tale.—The king returns home, leads his troops to battle, and is successful ; and

"—Still the nightly spear and shield,
The elfin warrior doth wield,
Upon the brown hill's breast ;
And many a knight hath prov'd his chance,
In the charmed ring to break a lance,

But all have foully sped;
Save two, as legends tell, and they
Were Wallace wight, and Gilbert Hay.—
Gentles, my tale is said."

Lord Marmion now orders his followers to retire to rest—but disturbed himself by the events of the evening, he seeks Fitz-Eustace, and informs him of his intention to meet the elfin knight. The squire saddles his steed, and they seek the spot, some distance from which he awaits the return of Marmion; who at length appears, agitated and apparently overthrown—they return to the inn, and the Canto closes.

"Introduction to Canto IV." is addressed to James Skene, Esq. and is another animated piece of poetry. The death of Sir William Forbes is very naturally introduced, and lamented in some of our bard's sweetest numbers.

Canto IV.—The Camp," commences with a description of Marmion and his followers leaving the inn:—

Whistling they came, and free of heart;
But soon their mood was changed:
Complaint was heard on every part,
Of something disarranged."

Some of the warriors have lost their armour, some their arms; the horse of young Blount, Lord Marmion's second squire, has been ridden, and his own steed is dying in the stall; Marmion, who is acquainted with the cause, passes them over

"———as accidents of course,
And bids his clarion sound to horse."—

They proceed on their journey, and are met in "Saltoun's wood" by Sir David Lindesay, Lord Lion King at Arms, who bears an order from King James to provide lodging "fit and fair" for Lord Marmion, till he can attend to his embassy. They are conducted by the herald to Crichtoun castle, and during their stay here, Sir David Lindesay informs Marmion of the apostle John's appearance to King James at Linlithgow castle, dissuading him from the battle. This recals to the mind of Marmion his adventure whilst at the hostel, and he tells Sir David the tale of his village host, but concealing the real cause of his agitation:—

"In vain," said he, "to rest I spread
My burning limbs, and couched my head;
Fantastic thoughts returned;
And, by their wild dominion led,
My heart within me burned.

So sore was the delirious goad,
I took my steed, and forth I rode,
And, as the morn shone bright and cold,
Soon reached the camp upon the wold.
The southern entrance I passed through,
And halted, and my bugle blew.
Methought an answer met my ear,—
Yet was the blast so low and drear,
So hollow, and so faintly blown,
It might be echo of my own.
Thus judging, for a little space
I listened, ere I left the place;
  But scarce could trust my eyes,
Nor yet can think they served me true,
When sudden in the ring I view,
In form distinct of shape and hue,
  A mounted champion rise.—
I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day,
In single fight, and mixed affray,
And ever, I myself may say,
  Have borne me as a knight;
But when this unexpected foe
Seemed starting from the gulf below,—
I care not though the truth I show,—
  I trembled with affright;
And as I placed in rest my spear,
My hand so shook for very fear,
  I scarce could couch it right.
Why need my tongue the issue tell?
We ran our course,—my charger fell;—
What could he 'gainst the shock of hell?
  I rolled upon the plain.
High o'er my head, with threat'ning hand,
The spectre shook his naked brand,—
  Yet did the worst remain;
My dazzled eyes I upward cast,—
Not opening hell itself could blast
  Their sight, like what I saw.
Full on his face the moon-beam strook,—
A face could never be mistook!
I knew the stern vindictive look,
  And held my breath for awe.
I saw the face of one who, fled
To foreign climes, has long been dead,—
  I well believe the last;
For ne'er, from visor raised, did stare
A human warrior, with a glare
  So grimly and so ghast.
Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade;
But when to good Saint George I prayed,
(The first time e'er I asked his aid,)
  He plunged it in the sheath;
And, on his courser, mounting light,
He seemed to vanish from my sight:
The moon-beam drooped, and deepest night
  Sunk down upon the heath.—

'Twere long to tell what cause I have
To know his face that met me there.
Called by his hatred from the grave,
To cumber upper air:
Dead, or alive, good cause had he
To be my mortal enemy."

Sir David marvels at his story, but informs him that "such things had happ'd of old,"

"And yet, whate'er such legends say,
Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,
On mountain, moor, or plain,
Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,
True son of chivalry should hold
These midnight terrors vain;
For seldom have such spirits power
To harm, save in the evil hour,
When guilt we meditate within,
Or harbour unrepented sin."—
Lord Marmion turned him half aside,
And twice to clear his voice he tried,
Then pressed Sir David's hand,—
But nought, at length, in answer said;
And here their farther converse staid,
Each ordering that his band
Should bowne them with the rising day,
To Scotland's camp to take their way,—
Such was the king's command."

The Canto then closes with an animated description of the Scottish army.

The "Introduction to Canto V." addressed to George Ellis, Esq. is equally beautiful and poetical as the former.

"Canto V.—The Court," commences with a description of Marmion passing through the Scottish camp, and his entrance into Holy-rood palace. Here again Mr. Scott has an opportunity of depicting the manners of the age, upon the events of which his poem is founded; and the gaieties of James's court are delineated in a bold and lively manner. The king informs Marmion that his "full defiance" had been borne to Henry by his herald; but as Marmion has orders to remain in Scotland whilst there are the slightest hopes of peace, he appoints Tantallon Hold, the castle of Douglas, for his residence. The interest of the story now begins to encrease. The abbess of St. Hilda and her nuns, who had been made prisoners on their return to Whitby, are placed by James

under the care of Marmion, by whom they are to be conducted to England:—

"The abbess told her chaplet o'er,
Nor knew which saint she should implore;
For when she thought of Constance, sore
She feared Lord Marmion's mood.
And judge what Clara must have felt!
The sword, that hung in Marmion's belt,
Had drunk De Wilton's blood.
Unwittingly, King James had given,
As guard to Whitby's shades,
The man most dreaded under heaven,
By these defenceless maids."———

The Abbess, meeting with the Palmer, informs him that she has an important secret to reveal, and appoints a meeting at midnight for the purpose, when she relates the treachery and injustice of Marmion to De Wilton, shews the packet delivered by Constance to prove his innocence, and, deeming it unsafe that it should remain in her possession, requests him to bear it to the court of Henry:—

———"as he took
The charge, a strong emotion shook
His frame; and, ere reply,
They heard a faint, yet shrilly tone,
Like distant clarion feebly flown,
That on the breeze did die;
And loud the Abbess shriek'd in fear,
"Saint Withold save us!—What is here!
Look on yon city cross;
See on its battled tower appear
Phantoms, that scutcheons seem to rear,
And blazoned banners toss!"

The apparition pronounces the names of those who are doomed to die in the battle of Flodden Field, amongst whom is De Wilton; but, at the instant his name is mentioned, another voice exclaims—

"Thy fatal summons I deny,
And thine infernal lord defy,
Appealing me to Him on high,
Who burst the sinner's yoke."
At that dread accent, with a scream,
Parted the pageant like a dream,
The summoner was gone.
Prone on her face the Abbess fell,
And fast, and fast, her beads did tell;
Her nuns came, startled by the yell,
And found her there alone.
She marked not, at the scene aghast,
What time, or how, the Palmer passed."

The scene is now changed, and Lord Marmion and his train are described journeying under the charge of Douglass to Tantallon.—They pause before a convent, near North Berwick, and the prioress coming forth, invites the abbess of St. Hilda and her nuns to remain there, till a bark is prepared for their return to Whitby:

"O'erjoyed the nuns their palfreys leave;
But when fair Clara did intend,
Like them, from horse-back to descend,
Fitz-Eustace said,—"I grieve,
Fair lady, grieve e'en from my heart,
Such gentle company to part.—
Think not discourtesy,
But lords' commands must be obeyed;
And Marmion and the Douglass said,
That you must wend with me.
Lord Marmion hath a letter broad,
Which to the Scottish Earl he showed,
Commanding, that, beneath his care,
Without delay, you shall repair
To your good kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare."

The abbess is startled at the intelligence, but, after railing violently at Marmion, is obliged to submit, and bids adieu to the unhappy Clara, who, under the convoy of Marmion, reaches Tantallon.—Here they remain, till Marmion, impatient of being detained from the battle which is rumoured to be near, and fancying that Douglass has abated of his courtesy, resolves to leave his castle on the following day.

"Introduction to Canto VI." addressed to Richard Heber, Esq. is written in a more familiar strain, and, though possessed of many beauties, is, perhaps, less excellent than any of the preceding.

"Canto VI. The Battle."—Opens with a fine description of Douglass's castle, to a remote part of which, hanging "over the margin of the deep," the unhappy Clara oft retires to "muse upon her sorrows."——During one of these rambles, she observes a suit of armour, that recalls to her mind the injur'd De Wilton, and, raising her eyes, she perceives him stand before her—the effects of a meeting, so welcome and so unexpected, are described in the most artful and delicate manner, and De Wilton relates to his beloved Clara the events of his life, since

"that disastrous day,
When senseless in the lists he lay."

In the course of this narrative, it appears that HE was

the palmer, at whose glance Marmion had shrunk appalled, that it was HE who had overthrown him in his midnight combat; and that the abbess had delivered the packet to prove his innocence, to De Wilton himself.

He then informs her that he has related his tale to Douglass, who is to reinstate him in the honours of knighthood, and that he is now watching his armour, previous to the ceremony being performed, when he shall

> "once again a belted Knight,
> Seek Surrey's camp with dawn of light."
>
> There soon again we meet, my Clare!
> This Baron means to guide thee there.
> Douglas reveres his King's command,
> Else would he take thee from his band.
> And there thy kinsman Surrey, too,
> Will give De Wilton justice due.
> Now meeter far for martial broil,
> Firmer my limbs, and strung by toil,
> Once more"——"O Wilton! must we then
> Risque new-found happiness again,
> Trust fate of arms once more?
> And is there not a humble glen,
> Where we, content and poor,
> Might build a cottage in the shade,
> A shepherd thou, and I to aid
> Thy task on dale and moor?——
> That reddening brow! too well I know,
> Not even thy Clare can peace bestow,
> While falsehood stains thy name:
> Go then to fight! Clare bids thee go!
> Clare can a warrior's feelings know,
> And weep a warrior's shame:
> Can Red Earl Gilbert's spirit feel?—
> Buckle the spurs upon thy heel,
> And belt thee with thy brand of steel,
> And send thee forth to fame!"——

In the morning Marmion arrays his troops to seek the English camp; and his quarrel with Douglas, and precipitate retreat from the castle, are related in a most characteristic and animated manner. They have not travelled far before he missed the Palmer, and is informed by his squires of his having left the castle, armed, at dawn of day, and of the events which had taken place the preceding night:

> "The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke,
> A sudden light on Marmion broke;—
> "Ah! dastard fool, to reason lost!"
> He mutter'd; "'Twas nor fay nor ghost,

I met upon the moonlight wold,
But living man of earthly mould.—
O dotage blind and gross!
Had I but fought as wont, one thrust
Had laid De Wilton in the dust,
My path no more to cross.—
How stand we now?—He told his tale
To Douglass; and with some avail;
'Twas therefore gloom'd his rugged brow.—
Will Surrey dare to entertain,
'Gainst Marmion, charge disprov'd and vain?
Small risk of that, I trow.—
Yet Clare's sharp questions must I shun;
Must separate Constance from the nun—
O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive!
A Palmer too!—no wonder why
I felt rebuk'd beneath his eye:
Whose look could quell Lord Marmion."—
Stung with these thoughts, he urged to speed
His troop, and reached, at eve, the Tweed."

The contending armies are then boldly described, and Marmion, leaving the lovely Clare under the protection of his squires, joins in the battle; ordering them, should England lose the day, to bear her to Berwick. In the course of the fight, impatient at being detained from the field of glory, the squires successively leave her, and soon afterwards return, bearing the body of the dying Marmion. He charges them to return to the battle, redeem his lost pennon, and "leave Marmion there alone—to die."

"They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured,—"Is there none
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water, from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!"—
O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man."

It is impossible to give any description of the stanzas that follow; they have a romantic wildness which refuses to be transformed into prose.

Distracted by the memory of his crimes, and agonised by his wounds, the warlike Marmion expires at the moment victory is obtained, and the marriage of De Wilton and Clare finish the last Canto of this animated and interesting poem.

It will be perceived, from the above sketch, that the narrative must owe much to the fascinating manner in which it is told. The character of Marmion is strongly drawn, and maintained throughout; but the rest are rather outlines; such, however, as the hand of a master alone could form. The Palmer is not made sufficiently interesting in the first four Cantos, for the prominent station he afterwards holds, and this is shewn still more forcibly by the impression which is made upon the reader. With all his vices, and nothing to recommend him but his bravery, we feel more anxiety for the fate of Marmion than De Wilton, though HE claims our admiration for his virtues, and our pity for his misfortunes.

This may, perhaps, be justified, on account of Marmion being the hero of the piece: but though the real character of De Wilton should at first be involved in mystery, he ought certainly to excite a more lively interest,

These are our principal objections, and where there are so few, it may be rather fastidiousness than justice to point them out.

[*To be continued.*]

My Pocket Book; or, Hints for a Ryght merrie and conceitive "Tour in Quarto, to be called the Stranger in Ireland in 1805," *By a Knight-Errant. A new Edition, with humourous Engravings. Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe,* 31, *Poultry.*

We have so high an opinion of the talents of the author of these *Hints*, that we could wish to find them more benevolently exercised. After all, there are few men who can be placed on a par with Sir John Carr, as an entertaining and instructive traveller; and the popularity of his quartos is more likely to be increased than injured by the contents of his *Pocket Book*. Sir John Carr's *Tour in Scotland* is in the press, and will shortly be published.

Old Friends in a New Dress; or, Select Fables of Æsop, in Verse. In two Parts. Part I. 2d Edition. Darton and Harvey.

"Old Friends" are always welcome, and we think the *New Dress* in which they here present themselves becomes them extremely well. We approve highly of the method our author has adopted of blending the moral with the fables and his reason for so doing is as just as it is convincing. It has been the accustomed method, in printing fables, to divide the moral from the subject; and children, whose minds are alive to the entertainment of an amusing story, too often turn from one fable to another, rather than peruse those less-interesting lines that come under the term "Application. It is with this conviction, that the author of the present selection has endeavoured to interweave the moral with the subject, that the story shall not be obtained without the benefit arising from it; and that amusement and instruction may go hand in hand.

The following is selected not as the best, for they are all equally good, but as no unfavourable specimen of the easy and agreeable manner in which the author has versified our old school acquaintances.

THE HUSBANDMAN AND HIS THREE SONS.

Bill, Edward, and Fred, were three mischievous boys
Whom their father oft caution'd from discord and noise;
But, in spite of advice, or of all that he said,
Ned quarrell'd with William, and William with Fred.

The father was griev'd that his care was in vain,
But he seldom applied to the rod or the cane;
For he wisely imagin'd that beating must fail,
Where good sense and mild argument could not prevail.

An appeal to their reason he thought might ensure,
For those childish proceedings a radical cure;
So, calling his children, he said, with a smile
"Bill, fetch me a bundle of sticks from the pile."

The bundle was brought, and the plan to pursue,
He said, "Which of you three can now break it in two?"
They each of them tried: "I can't do it," said Fred;
"Nor I," replied William; "Nor I," replied Ned.

The bundle of sticks he then bade them untie.
And to break them in half with fresh efforts to try;
'Twas presently done, for when plac'd on the knee,
Each stick snapp'd as easy, as easy could be.

"Be this," said their father, "a lesson to you,
The paths of affection and love to pursue;
United, my children, nought have you to fear,
But, by anger divided, then danger is near."

The truth and the justice of all that he said,
Appear'd very clear to Fred, William, and Ned;
And they gladly united a promise to give,
For the future in love and in concord to live.

Long, long did they live in affection and joy,
And their father was pleas'd with each dutiful boy;
At length, falling sick, on his bed he was laid,
And these are the words which, when dying, he said:

"Though long bless'd by heaven with life and with health;
I leave my dear boys a small portion of wealth;
But the field which so long all our wants has supplied,
Contains such a treasure!"—he faulter'd and died.

The boys were astonish'd: they ne'er had believ'd,
That their father would bury the cash he receiv'd;
But, what could they do? They must either go begging,
Or, find out the treasure by working and digging.

They turn'd up the field, but no treasure they found,
So they plough'd, and they sow'd, and they harrow'd the ground;
And duly rewarded they were for their pains,
For at harvest they all were surpris'd at their gains.

"My father's last words are," said William fulfill'd:
The ground which we all have so carefully till'd,
Has prov'd the great treasure my father foretold,
For industry turn'd our poor field into gold."

Two lessons are here, of importance and truth,
Which claim the attention and practice of youth;
"Fraternal affection bring safety and pleasure,"
And "Industry proves the most excellent treasure."

It is a very useful little book for children, and "the simple and unadorned style" in which the fables are offered, is admirably adapted to their infant capacities.

Mr. Blore's Statement of a Correspondence with Richard Phillips, Esq. Sheriff, &c. &c. respecting the Antiquary's Magazine. 8vo. 1s. *Stamford, Drakard: Crosby, London.*

This correspondence between an ingenious antiquarian, and an enterprizing bookseller is only so far interesting to the literary public, as it discloses to it some of the *arcana* which authors and publishers had, in general,

best confine to themselves. From this statement, however, it is pretty apparent, that Mr. Blore has some ground of complaint, and considering him as a person aggrieved, we can excuse the bitterness which he has indulged towards Mr. Philips in some of the pages of this brief statement. We must lament at the same time that any difference should have arisen to prevent, or at least, to suspend any publication of Mr. Blore's on a subject with which he is so eminently conversant as history and antiquity.

Canterbury Tales. Vol. V. By Harriet Lee. 8vo. 8s. *Wilkie.*

The reputation of these tales is well established, and the fifth volume is perhaps even more interesting than any of the preceding; but if the fair writer would a little compress her narratives, they would be considerably improved. The *Friend's Tale* is the best of the three which occupy the present volume.

Struggles through Life, exemplified in the various Travels and Adventures in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, of Lieutenant John Harriott, formerly of Rochford in Essex; now Resident Magistrate of the Thames Police. 12mo. 2 *Vols. pp.* 722. 14s. *Boards. Hatchard,* &c. 1807.

Mr. Harriott's history is so very extraordinary, and the vicissitudes he has experienced of which there can be no doubt are truly stated, so very remarkable, as to appear to border on romance. Few men have met with more disappointments, or supported themselves under them with equal fortitude. His enterprizing mind carried him even to the remote parts of North America; wheve he resided several months with a tribe of North American Savages, the Oneidas and Tuscaroras. From the many singular adventures related in these volumes, serious as well as interestiug. we shall transcribe one of the latter description, with we which think our readers cannot fail to be amused. This circumstance occurred in his travels in India.

"I do not pretend to any learned knowledge or acquaintance with the Gentoo religion, yet I cannot refrain from making one remark:

the Gentoos are accused as idolatrous heathen worshippers of images, which from outward appearances they may seem to be; but, from many inquiries among the Bramins, in whatever part of India I made any stay, it appeared that the various images they carry in procession are only considered as *emblems* of the different attributes of the Deity, and not as deities, or objects of adoration, in themselves.

" Of all denominations of men I have seen, I think there are none so chastely correct, in the discharge of religious and moral duties, as the Gentoos. This is pretty obvious on a general view of them: many instances came to my knowledge; and my faithful Punnapa, who served me from the first week I landed to the last minute of my stay, would have sacrificed his life sooner than have imposed on me himself, or suffered any one, European or native, to impose upon or injure his master in any respect. So far I speak to *his* moral character; and, being of a high Bramin cast, he would rather have lost his life than his cast, by acting contrary to any religious point of duty. Yet, among the lower casts of these, as well as the lower order of other people, there are those who will attempt to impose and practise on one's credulity. I will relate an instance that occurs to my memory.

" I was travelling with a party of officers and a guard of Sepoys. We stopped to refresh ourselves; and, among the inhabitants of a village, who came out to view us as objects of curiosity, one fellow was so unusually audacious as to force himself into the tent where we were dining, using strange gestures and making an extravagant noise. Having in vain endeavoured to learn his meaning, we ordered him out; he refused to go, and we then ordered the palanquin bearers in attendance to force him out. On his being thus removed to a short distance from our tent, we soon heard a confused noise and lamentation, and were informed that this fellow, who pretended to be a devotee, had swooned away from the effect of pollution, in being touched by our palanquin bearers, who were Parriers †.

" We rather laughed at this account: louder lamentations were heard, and word was brought that the man was dead. We went out and found a great many people assembled round the body, lamenting and complaining loudly of the outrage. It became necessary to order our Sepoys under arms, and the servants to be on their guard. We sent for the head men of the village, and the body was thoroughly examined by the natives and pronounced to be dead. There certainly appeared no visible signs of life; but the trifling injury he could have received by the handling to overcome merely his own resistance, and the absurdity of a man's dying from the effect of fancied pollution, added to my experience of their powers of deception, perfectly satisfied my mind that this fellow was an impostor.

" Desiring my brother-officers to leave the business to my management, I acquainted the natives that I had an infallible means of knowing whether the man was dead or not; that, if there was the least spark of life remaining, since the body had received no injury, I could restore him, though the remedy would be exceedingly severe. They wanted to remove him; but this I would not suffer, well knowing they might make any report they pleased concerning his death, and create much trouble.

(To be continued.)

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† Men of the lowest cast.

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.——*Shakspeare.*

A BRIEF SUPPLEMENT TO COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

By Tony Aston.

[*Concluded from page* 267.]

JOE HAINES.

JOE HAINES is more remarkable for the witty, though wicked, pranks he played, and for his prologues and epilogues, than for acting. He was, at first, a dancer. After he had made his tour of *France*, he narrowly escaped being seized, and sent to the *Bastille*, for personating an English peer, and running 3000 livres in debt in *Paris*; but, happily landing at *Dover*, he went to *London*, where, in *Bartholomew Fair*, he set up a droll-booth, and acted a new droll, called *The Whore of Babylon, the Devil, and the Pope.* This was in the first year of King James II. when *Joe* was sent for, and roundly admonished, by Judge *Pollixfen*, for it. *Joe* replied, *That he did it in respect to his* holiness; *for, whereas many ignorant people believed the* Pope *to be a* beast, *he shewed him to be a fine comely old gentleman, as he was; not with seven heads and ten horns, as the* Scotch *parsons describe him.* However, this affair spoiled *Joe's* expiring credit; for, next morning, a couple of bailiffs seized him in an action of 20*l.* as the Bishop of Ely was passing by in his coach. Quoth *Joe* to the bailiffs, *Gentlemen, here's my cousin, the Bishop of Ely, going into his house; let me but speak to him, and he'll pay the debt and charges.* The bailiffs thought they might venture that, as they were within three or four yards of him. So, up goes *Joe* to the coach, pulling off his hat, and got close to it. The Bishop ordered the coach to stop, whilst *Joe* (close to his ear) said softly, *My Lord, here are two poor men, who have such great scruples of conscience, that, I fear, they'll hang themselves.—Very well*, said the bishop. So, calling to the bailiffs, he said, *You two men, come to me, to-morrow morning, and I'l satisfy you.* The men bowed, and went away. *Joe*, hugging himself with his fallacious device, went also his way. In the morning, the bailiffs (ex-

pecting the debt and charges) repaired to the bishop's, where being introduced:—*Well*, said the bishop, *what are your scruples of conscience?—Scruples!* (said the bailiffs) *we have no scruples: we are bailiffs, my Lord, who, yesterday, arrested your cousin*, Joe Haines, *for 20l. Your Lordship promised to satisfy us to-day, and we hope your Lordship will be as good as your word.*—The bishop, reflecting that his honour and name would be exposed, (if he complied not), paid the debt and charges.

There were two parts of plays (*Nol Bluff* in the *Old Batchelor*, and *Roger* in *Æsop*), which none ever touched but *Joe Haines*. I own I have copied him in *Roger*, as I did Mr. Dogget in *Fondlewife*. But, now, for another story of him.

In the long vacation, when harlots, poets, and players, are all poor, *Joe* walking in *Cross-street*, by *Hatton-garden*, sees a fine venison-pasty come out of *Glassop's*, a pastry-cook's shop, which a boy carried to a gentleman's house thereby. *Joe* watches it; and seeing a gentleman knock at the door, he goes to him, and asked him if he had knocked at it: *yes*, said the gentleman. The door is opened. In goes the gentleman, and *Joe* after him to the dining-room. Chairs were set, and all ready for the pasty. The master of the house took *Joe* for the gentleman's friend, whom he had invited to dinner; which being over, the gentleman departed. *Joe* sat still. Says the master of the house to *Joe—Sir, I thought you would have gone with your friend!—My friend!* said *Joe; alas! I never saw him before in my life. No Sir*, replied the other: *Pray, Sir, then how came you to dinner here? Sir*, said *Joe, I saw a venison-pasty carried in here; and, by this means have dined very heartily of it. My name is* Joe Haines, (said he) I belong to the theatre. —*Oh!* Mr. Haines, (continued the gentleman) *you are very welcome; you are a man of wit: Come, bring t'other bottle*, which being finished, Joe, with good manners, departed, and purposely left his cane behind him, which he designed to be an introduction to another dinner there: for, next day, when they were going to dinner, *Joe* knock'd briskly at the door, to call for his cane, when the gentleman of the house was telling a friend of his the trick he played the day before.—*Pray call Mr. Haines in.—So*, Mr. Haines, said he; *sit down, and partake of another dinner.—To tell you the truth*, said *Joe, I left my cane yesterday on purpose:* at which they all

laugh'd. Now *Joe* (although while greedily eating) was very attentive to a discourse of humanity begun, and continued, by the stranger gentleman; wherein he advanced, that every man's duty was to assist another, whether with advice, money, cloaths, food, or whatever else. This sort of principle suited *Joe's* end, as by the sequel will appear. The company broke up, *Joe* and the gentleman walked away, (Joe, sighing as he went along). The gentleman said to him, *What do you sigh for?*—Dear Sir, (quoth *Joe*) *I fear my landlord will, this day, seize my goods for only a quarter's rent due last week.—How much is the money?* said the gentleman.—*Fifty shillings*, said *Joe, and the Patentees owe me ten pounds which will be paid next week.—Come*, said the gentleman, *I'll lend thee fifty shillings on your note, to pay me faithfully in three weeks*—which *Joe*, with many promises and imprecations signed. But *Joe* thereafter, had his eyes looking out before him; and, whenever he saw the gentleman, would carefully avoid him: which the gentleman one day perceived, and going across Smithfield, met *Joe* full in the face, and, in the middle of the *rounds*, stopped him. Taking him by the collar, *Sirrah*, said he, *pray pay me now, you impudent cheating dog, or I'll beat you into a jelly. Joe* fell down on his knees, making a dismal outcry, which drew a mob about them, who enquired into the occasion, which was told them; and they, upon hearing it, said to the gentleman, *that the poor man could not pay it, if he had it not.—Well*, said he, *let him kneel down, and eat up that Sirreverence there, and I'll forgive him, and give up his note. Joe* promised he would, and presently eat it all up, smearing his lips and nose with the human conserve. The gentleman gave him his note; when *Joe* ran and embraced him, kissing and bedaubing his face, and setting the mob a hallooing.

REFLECTIONS ON THE MANAGERS AND PERFORMERS.

THE theatre has long been considered by the generality of the world, (and we fear with too much justice,) as being far from the *most perfect school of virtue.* Without descending to particulars, thus much we assert, that the more

a performer, by his life and conversation, contributes to support this general character, (abstracted from considering it in a moral sense,) the more he lays a clog upon his abilities, and throws an impediment in his pursuit. A dissipated man has many drawbacks on his talents; he prostitutes his time, blunts his faculties, and impairs his constitution. If these then are general barriers to success, how much more so to *theatrical fame?*—a mistress of that coy and particular temper, who demands a sacrifice to the graces as well as to the arts, and who, previous to the surrender of her charms, will scarcely abate an article in either.

A good moral character has even other advantages, which, strictly speaking, it has no right to, according to the principles of art; it often secures a performer of very moderate abilities the countenance, protection, and esteem of the audience. It is in the recollection of all those who have been in the least intimate with the stage, that some who have lately quitted it, either by death or resignation, and others now on it, are examples of this kind; for, such is the powerful force of *virtue*, independent of its peculiar influence on the mind of the possessor, it raises admirers in every clime; nor has any body of people, perhaps, ever been so debauched, but what they have paid this compliment to her shrine, except where their particular interests withheld him. Hear this, then, ye sons and daughters of the stage! and see how necessary it is, even in a *political* light, to extend some regard to a *good private character*. Let not the force of example on the one side, nor the stigmas of ignorance on the other, mislead you; "a good name in man or woman is the immediate jewel of their souls;" this gives the profession of a player dignity and respect, whilst the want of it covers a churchman with disgrace.

Though much rests with a performer in avoiding a life of dissipation, there is one article of *managerial arrangement* which has in a great measure contributed to it; and this is the *establishment* of *benefit nights*. This custom, we believe originated about the beginning of the last century, and was at first only meant as a compliment to capital performers, to reward them after the fatigues of the season; by degrees it became more general, and probably the managers, seeing that on those nights there was the interest of the player joined to the accidental profits of the night, adopted as a standing rule of the theatre, that the first class of performers should take the best of the

season for themselves, and parcel out the remainder amongst the second and third class of performers, according to rank, sometimes according to favour.

In consequence of their benefits, they are obliged to make as universal an acquaintance as they can. In this acquaintance they are not only led into expences, but into many errors and dissipations, under the expectation of *annual favours;* it is not always that a man, otherwise of independent property, supports his character; how much less a man, the principal existence of whom and of his family too often depend upon them; in short, this arrangement opens the door to many bad habits, and to BENEFIT HUNTING, which becomes more attended to than the real duties of the profession; and the same pains that a performer often takes to qualify himself for a *bon vivant*, would have made him an ornament to the stage.

This injurious custom still continues; but it would be highly commendable to the managers to take this matter into consideration and put it down, for they are sensible of the *malign*, *injurious*, *mischievous*, *destructive*, and *evil consequences* that arise from it; for the second and third class involve themselves in debt, and they depend upon the dicharging them when they have their benefit, but, alas! how often are they disappointed of a good benefit! Sometimes the house does not fill, and perhaps one night's benefit is divided amongst several of them, and one performer thinks he has a right to have his benefit early as much as another, which occasions *envy* and *jealousy* among the performers; and does not this prove injurious and destructive to many of them? for, as Shakespeare says on another occasion, "it is a custom more honoured in the *breach* than in the observance."

There is another article that rests with the managers, which, if put on its former footing, would, in our opinion, contribute, if not to the morals, at least to the polish and refinement, of the theatre. What we allude to, is permitting a select number of gentlemen behind the scenes. We are aware of the indiscriminate use of this permission, and of the many disturbances and improprieties it has occasionally introduced; but if a certain number of subscribers were only permitted by rotation, or any number of men of fashion, who could not encumber the business of the scenes, we are positive some such regulation would have peculiar benefits.

Formerly, when this indulgence was sparingly used, it had a good effect, as many performers, who probably had few other opportunities of mingling with men of fashion, and observing their *manners* and *deportment*, caught that habitual ease and breeding which theory can never alone inculcate; this intercourse very often extended beyond the Green Room; and those players, who had it in their power to recommend themselves by their private behaviour, formed many valuable and useful acquaintances.

For, though the quickness of familiar conversation will not admit of an attention to that accuracy which is required in study, yet there are in those intercourses a certain superior spirit, and genuine eloquence, which, perhaps, are a better help to the improvement of stile, and a more enlivening model for imitation, than the united efforts of the closet. Those happy turns and emphatical sprightly phrases which are struck out by the collision of animated conversation, and that graceful dignity of manner which is peculiar to those who move in the higher spheres of life, will catch the attention of him who is familiarly accustomed to them, and insensibly become his own; for, as our senses naturally retain the print of images commonly presented to them, so our language and behaviour almost unavoidably take a tincture from those with whom we usually converse.

We cannot close this subject, however, without adding some observations respecting the *memory* and *inaccuracies* which occur in acting, owing to the indolence of the performers at the rehearsals; for every one that is acquainted with the modern rehearsals must know how loosely, and how much under the par of their abilities, the generality of performers go through their parts; and, except it is a capital actor, or actress, who has a new one to get studied in, the rest are little better than a *theatrical muster*, who are called together to be in readiness for the night's review, without scarcely a preparation beyond their bare appearance.

It is a saying almost in every body's mouth on the first night of a new or revived play, if there should appear any little lapses of memory or inaccuracies in acting, "That, when the performers are more practised, they will do better."—There is more indulgence than necessary perhaps in this remark.—Why not equally, or at least nearly, as perfect the first night, as the fourth,

fifth, or sixth? Did the performers go through the minutiæ of their several parts at rehearsal as before an audience, and repeat them as often as necessary, the first night would be as much a night of perfection as any other; for, to persons much accustomed to the stage, the impression of an audience can make little or no difference. Besides, what makes the blunders of a first night is not so much the want of memory, as of that *mutual play of action* which is necessary to give grace and wholesomeness to the scene. Performers, too frequently looking on this as a mere thing of course, neglect it at rehearsals; consequently, when they come before the view of an audience, they go through it with an air of *novelty* and *embarrassment*, often disagreeable in its consequences to themselves, but much more so to the poet, who, perhaps, has many years' labour on the issue.

We would recommend to an actor the following, when he is studying his part: he should be particularly attentive to read *loud* and *distinct;* and upon no account to *hum* over his part, as is the too constant practice. By keeping the voice thus upon the stretch, he will be enabled to know the whole of its compass, strengthen its weaknesses, modulate its tones: and, in short, by degrees bring it under subjection, so as to make his duty on the stage and in the closet equally easy: for, whether he has a particular part to study or not, this constant exercise will make his profession light to him; it will enlarge his views, perfect his memory, and, perhaps, what should be as much attended to as any, keep him from dissipation, that bane of theatrical manners.

After an actor has read sufficiently, it will be necessary to put this reading into practice, by going over some of the principal passages before a large mirror, where he can see his whole figure; as was the custom of several of the ancient orators. This view of his person will teach him to adopt such expression of features, and accompaniments of action, as are most conformable to his character. It will by degrees likewise remove or correct, at least, those little imperfections of nature, and early acquired habits, which have nearly the same stubbornness. Demosthenes was in this respect a standing instance of reproach to the *indolent*, and a glorious example to the *industrious*.

In this reflected study of himself, he should take no other actor for his model, however high he might stand on

the scale of dramatic excellence, except he, at the same time, *conceives* the part alike; otherwise, the imitation would be as dangerous as a painter copying any of the great masters, without being himself acquainted with the laws of expression and muscular motion. In the extremity of the same line, let every species of *mimickry* be avoided: an art that, however it might tickle the ears of low malice, or now and then force an involuntary approbation from the judicious, is disgraceful to any theatre. It is false in its principles, inhuman in its effects, and fatal to the actor who uses it; as who can be practised in the line of right, who is every hour employed in the study of other people's defects?

An actor has therefore only to possess himself of the enthusiasm of his subject, consult nature, and endeavour to imitate her. In this imitation, however, he should not make too servile a copy, but heighten or depress, in common with painters, such of their works as may be most conducive to his art, and the establishment of stage-effect. In short, if a player shall so *act* as to persuade us the characters he represents are not *fictitious*, the illusion then becomes complete; all that is *said* is *felt*, and every thing passes for the *truth of action* and the *language of the soul.*

Being, therefore, sufficiently studied in his parts, so as to adopt their several attitudes with ease, as well as to be acquainted with the justness and truth of their principles, a performer cannot readily mistake their subordinate combinations. In short, that inflexion of body and composition of limbs, so as not to encumber each other, or appear divided by sharp and sudden angles, which form the whole of *grace*, and gives that *je ne sais quoi* so much admired in the whole deportment of action.

In respect of studying his part, there depends a great necessity for a performer to remember the *substance* of every other person s part, (particularly those in the same scenes with himself,) as well as the *words* of his own. This may seem like laying too heavy a burthen on an actor. Being *studied* in one another's action and manner, particularly in love scenes, &c. where a more intimate connection is necessary, performers are not only left at liberty to animate each speech as it should be, but to present a picture to the audience gracefully conformable to all the rules of variety and relief.

As it is assiduity that for the most part conquers a pro-

fession, no attention should be wanting in a performer who aspires to excel in that department of acting his genius and inclination lead him to. On this principle, then, it should be his constant care to absent himself as seldom as possible from the theatre, on such nights as he does not perform; but scarcely on any account whatsoever, on those when his *superior*, in the same cast of parts, performs. We know how difficult it is to have the phrase allowed, on account of that envy which in general pervades similar departments of profession; but, taking it for granted, that the voice of the town, and the election of the managers, (who we believe every player will allow *know their own interest,)* give a just preference to an actor's abilities; in such a case, it becomes the indispensable duty of an inferior in the same cast, to make strict observations on the voice, attitudes, and judgment, of his superior—imitate what he approves of, and reject what he disapproves of on the same scale. This spirit of emulation then is the safest method of lowering a rival's perfections by rising above them; it is at the same time generous, manly, and useful, and serves in infinitely better stead than those *impotent carpings* and *underhand slanders*, which (though not unusual to the buz of a Green Room) are ever construed by men of understanding to be no more than the necessary taxes on the other's genius.

Having hitherto only glanced at the benefits arising from a good *memory*, we shall now be a little more particular in speaking of this subject. Though this quality is useful in all liberal as well as mechanical professions, it perhaps serves a player in more stead than any; for, though the mere memory does not include every other excellence, till this is obtained there can be no foundation laid for any. He who does not perfectly remember what he has to say, in vain knows *how* he should speak it, and, preposterous as it is to suppose a person can play a part because he has it by rote, it is not more so to imagine the most eminent player could go through it tolerably who had it not. "I admit the force of this reasoning, says an actor, and very clearly see the advantage of memory,—but unfortunately for me, I have the worst *study* in the world." This is perhaps nine times in ten the *vice* of *idleness!* We readily grant, there are distinctions in memory; insomuch, that what may be one player's amusement shall be another's drudgery; but this is in a great

measure, if not radically, to be cured by frequent exercise. Let the player who has this defect, not measure himself by the man who has a good memory, else every surplus hour which he gives up to it he will be tempted to call a sacrifice; but, on the contrary, redouble his diligence to gain an equality. Let him, for instance, bestow such time and attention on the general study of the stage, as are necessary to make him complete master of it. Let him, in these particular parts he is in possession of, lay out a larger proportion of his time than others, and give himself tasks proportioned to his gradual improvement. All our faculties grow stronger by exercise, and the memory perhaps more than any. He therefore that complains of the want of this, complains only of his want of industry; for, though it might lie a little farther out of his reach than another's, let him but exert himself sufficiently and he acquires it.

We are generally pleased with the acting more than the reading of a play; why? because the illusion is more kept up in the former than the latter, and this allusion is principally supported by the words being remembered perfectly. He, who has often played the character, is quite easy as to the words, consequently has *one* principal incumbrance off his mind; his attention then can be carried with double force to his feelings and deportment; and hence he generally succeeds. In short, the first step towards throwing off a man's self in any character is the advantage he derives from recollection,—else, every where he feels himself the *player* rather than the *character*, not swelling with the passions of a hero, or melting with the pathos of a lover, but dreading the lapses of his memory.

Could an actor but for a moment on this occasion transform himself into an auditor, he would see the deception of the scene so much broken in upon, and the glaring absurdity of being *prompted* in the *passions*, that probably such a view of himself would be the best means of reforming him in this particular;—he would then consider memory not only as the storehouse of words, but as the great source from whence he is to draw much of the beautiful and sublime in his profession, and, exclaiming with Churchill, would

> Hate those careless blunders which recall
> Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all

POETRY.

STANZAS

WRITTEN AT CHESTER, AFTER READING SCOTT'S "MARMION," AND "LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL."

THOU ancient monument of days of yore!
  Pleas'd, 'midst thy ruin'd heaps, I ever roam;
With melancholy transport, bending o'er
  Each mould'ring turret, and each ivy'd dome.

And thro' yon cloisters' damp and dreary round ||,
  (A spot in childhood I was wont to dread),
Whilst murmurs thro' its aisles the wind's hoarse sound,
  Deep-rapt in thought, I now with pleasure tread.

But dearer, dearer still the bliss I feel,
  Where points yon venerable ruin's spire †,
To list the organ's animating peal
  Loudly re-echoing to the white-rob'd choir.

Each abbey's antique walls my thoughts sublimes,
  Now fall'n thro' length of years, or HENRY'S rage ‡,
They wake the memory of former times,
  Recall, O, SCOTT! thy fascinating page.

|| The cloisters adjoining St. Werburgh's, (originally a nunnery founded by Wulpherus, king of the Mercians, in 606). They are now in a state of rapid decay, except the east walk which leads to the chapter-house; an elegant piece of architecture built about the year 1100.

† The celebration of prayers in the middle aisle, or choir, of the cathedral at four o'clock each evening, is in the winter peculiarly impressive, and recalls most forcibly to the memory the days of gothic superstition. The ancient and magnificent appearance of the building, the tabernacle work and original shrine of St. Werburgh, the burning tapers, the choristers in their robes of white linen, and the beautiful tones of the organ,—transport a lively imagination to the times

"Ere Polity, sedate and sage,
Had quench'd the fires of feudal rage."

‡ Alluding to the dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VII Vide Warton's Sonnet written in Dugdale's Monasticon.

In such a spot, at midnight's lonely hour,
Open'd the Wizard's grave to DEL'RAINE's sight ||,
When e'en the warrior lost his wonted pow'r,
And shiv'ring stood, and gaz'd with wild affright.

Or Superstition's slaves, in secret met,
Pronounc'd the lovely CONSTANCE' dreadful doom—
When Beauty's peerless sun for ever set,
Amidst the horrors of a living tomb †.

'Mid scenes like these unearthly voices told,
From shadowy forms that throng'd the darken'd sky,
The name of each proud lord, or warrior bold,
Doom'd in the fatal battle-field to die ‡.

Here too, might Mem'ry picture many a theme
For lyric verse, or legendary tale,
And, lost amidst Imagination's dream,
See forms, long perished, float across the gale.

But, Bard sublime! O who shall paint the deeds
That live again in thy enraptur'd strain?
Ill are they suited to MY humble reeds,
My trembling hand attempts the task in vain.

Liverpool. W. M. T.

TO ROSA,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

WILL ROSA accept the good wish of a friend?
That her days may glide free from all strife;
That in her soft bosom, kind heaven may blend,
All the pleasures and blessings of life.

That it may too allow her good health to enjoy,
And as now, still long lovely appear,
With that rose-dimpl'd cheek, and that joy streaming eye,
Never stain'd by a sorrow or tear.

And when 'tis decreed that her beauty no more
To the soul can soft raptures impart,
Her virtues and goodness may bloom as before,
And yield lasting delight to the heart.

Liverpool, 4th April. J. B---WD---N.

|| "Lay of the last Minstrel," Canto II.
† "Marmion," Canto II. ‡ Ibid. Canto V.

PARAPHRASE

OF BUCHANAN'S LATIN EPIGRAM.

"*Beatus qui te videt.*"

HAPPY the man who near thee sighs,
And basks beneath thy lucent eyes,
Or who within thy dimpled cheek,
Can pleasing trace attractions meek:
Yet greater joys to him belong,
Who hears the accents of thy tongue.
That tongue—which sweetly can impart
The fond o'erflowings of the heart.
But more than happy, happy he
Who steals a glowing kiss from thee;
And from the ruby tinctur'd lips,
The rich ambrosial nectar sips.
But, O! the Youth, whom you alone,
With chaste and fond affection own;
To whom you every charm resign,
At Hymen's gay bewitching shrine;
Is bless'd indeed, for surely he,
A god---a very god---will be!

Liverpool, March. J. B---WD---N.

SONNET.

O! WOULD it were my ever blissful lot,
Beneath some verdant sloping hillow side,
Where slow in eddies curls the streamlet's tide,
To fix my humble and sequestered cot.
There I the world, would envy not a jot;
Though broils tempestuous, might the state divide,
Securely free---I'd range my garden plot,
And proud Ambition---willingly deride.
For with my portion of gay Fortune's store,
My friends rever'd, and maid belov'd and kind,
And hoard of books---all rich in Wisdom's lore,
With each successive, I would pleasure find;
Whilst thus endow'd---I'd idly wish not more,
So blest my heart would feel, so pure my mind.

Liverpool, April. J. B---WD---N.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.

MARCH.

31. [NEVER ACTED.] THE WORLD! The characters by Messrs. Elliston, Bannister, Wroughton, Mathews, Palmer, De Camp, Russell, Wewitzer, Purser. Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Powell, Miss Boyce. The Prologue, by Mr. De Camp; the Epilogue, by Mr. Elliston.—Rosina.

APRIL.

2. Ib.—Deserter.
4. Ib.—Tekeli.
5. Ib.—Ella Rosenberg.
7. Ib.—Mayor of Garrat.
9. Ib.—Ways and Means.
18. [Easter Monday.] Ib.—Tekeli.
19. Ib.—Mayor of Garrat.
20. Ib.—Ella Rosenberg.
21. Ib.—Three Weeks after Marriage.
22. Ib.—[1st time] CARACTACUS. With entirely new scenes, dresses, and decorations. The overture, chorusses, and the whole of the music for the action of the ballet, composed by Mr. Bishop. The action of the ballet, dances, &c. under the direction of Mr. D'Egville. Ancient Britons. Caractacus, (the general) Mr. D'EGVILLE, (from the Opera House, his 1st appearance these 12 years); Ulway, Mr. Robert, (from the Opera House, his 1st appearance on this stage); Hengo, Miss C. Bristow; Edgar, Master Noble; Cadwall, Master Wallack: Oswald, Master Bristow; Officers, Messrs Fairbrother, Tokely, Hope, Vials, &c. Modred, (the high priest) Mr. Cooke; Mador, (the chief bard) Mr. Smith; Druids, Messrs Dignum, Gibbon, Miller, Fitzsimmons, &c. Isla, Miss Gayton: Ethelinde, Mrs. Sharp; Virgins, Miss Green, Miss Twamley, Miss H. and F. Demett, Miss Toose, (pupils of Mr. D'Egville.) Romans. Cæsar, Mr. Cranfield, (his 1st appearance on this stage); Claudius, Mr. Fisher; Drusus, Mr. Male; Officers, Messrs. Chatterley, Goodman, Wells, Austin, &c. and Marcus, Mr. Laurent. The scenes by Greenwood.
23. 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30. Ib.

The comedy of the *World* is the production of Mr. Kenny, who has now tried his hand successfully at farce, opera, melo-drama, and comedy. He has the most difficult task still to execute; that of writing a good tragedy. As we propose next month to discuss the merits and defects of this comedy with some minuteness, we shall only now observe that it is extremely creditable to Mr. Kenny's talents, and fully deserves the applause with which it is nightly honoured.

CARACTACUS is assigned to the pen of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, but we do not think that he will be very anxious to establish his claims to it, or rob Mr. D'Egville of any part of the honour which the piece may yield him.

PART I.—Scene, the Sacred Groves of Mona, by Moonlight; an altar placed beneath an aged oak, prepared for the sacrifice.—The bards appear, and by their songs, summon their brethren to attend the ceremony; they assemble from the various caverns, and begin the rites. Isla (a virgin intended for the sacrifice) is led on by her friend Ethelind, followed by a train of youths and virgins, lamenting the fate of their lovely companion. The ceremony is for a while suspended by the arrival of Ulwy, the lover of Isla, who offers himself a willing victim to save his mistress. This is rejected by the priests, Modred, the chief, extends his arm to strike the fatal blow; he is prevented by Hengo, a child, the son of Caractacus, who is chided by the priests; they prepare to complete their intentions, when Caractacus appears; he expresses indignation at their inhuman purpose, forbids their proceeding, assuring them the Gods are not gratified by such oblations;—that fervent prayers alone are wanting to appease the Deity.—Dancing and sports succeed—Hengo wrestles with and vanquishes his young companions, obtaining a horn as the prize of conquest.—An officer arrives, and informs Caractacus a spy has been seized by the guards, lurking near the Sacred Mount. Marcus, a Roman officer, is brought in guarded—he threatens Caractacus, who indignantly regards his menaces, and orders him to be confined. The assembly appear terrified at the threats of the Roman. Caractacus endeavouring to dispel their alarm, bids them confide in him. The Britons, assembled in arms, and headed by Caractacus, address the Gods, and swear to guard the freedom of their native land. Marcus, during this ceremony, escapes from his confinement, and climbing aloft on the branches of the trees above, overhears the plan of the Britons, and conceals himself amidst the foliage. The Britons retire to prepare for their defence. Drusus and Claudius, two Roman officers, appear exploring the passes of the mountain. Marcus hastily descends from his concealment, explains to them the manner of his escape, and the intention of the Britons. Isla and Ethelinde enter, the Romans conceal themselves, but presently advance and seize them, and are bearing them away, when Hengo enters, and sounding his horn, they are surrounded by the Britons, who bind and prepare to shoot them, which Caractacus' arrival prevents; he expresses scorn at their conduct, orders them to be released, and suffers them to depart. Roman soldiers are now seen ascending by various passes, an engagement takes place between them and the Britons, who are at length defeated and fly. Caractacus enters in despair at finding himself deserted. Hengo enters, encourages his father. The grove is fired in several places by the Romans. Ulwy enters, and intimates the only chance of safety is in flying to the unfrequented parts of the mountain, they are surrounded by the Romans; Caractacus bearing Hengo on his back, and, assisted by Ulwy, fights his way through the Romans, and they escape amidst the burning grove.

PART II.—The scene represents stupendous rocks and precipices, impassable to strangers. Marcus, Drusus, and Claudius, enter in

search of Caractacus and Hengo, which has hitherto been in vain; they take different paths to renew their task. Caractacus and Hengo enter, looking round with suspicion, as fearful of a surprise. Caractacus ascends an eminence, leaving Hengo at the foot of it. Claudius returns, perceives the boy, and attempts to seize him; he defends himself for a time; Caractacus leaping from the rocks, seizes the Roman, nearly strangles him, and throws him on the earth—then ascends the steepest precipice with Hengo. Marcus and Drusus enter and recover the fallen Roman. Claudius informs them Caractacus has fled to the rocks, their swords will be useless, and the only way to subdue him, will be to shoot him with an arrow, which he undertakes, and they depart. Caractacus appears with Hengo, on the summit of the cliff, the boy seems faint, and expresses a wish for a draught of water, which flows from a fountain beneath; Caractacus, unloosing his girdle, makes it fast round the body of Hengo, and lowers him down towards the fountain; while the boy is thus suspended, Claudius, who has been in ambush, shoots an arrow, which pierces his body—he falls; while Claudius is rejoicing in the success of his plan, Caractacus, mad with rage, tears away a huge fragment of the rock, and hurling it at the deceitful Roman, crushes him to death. He descends, and taking his wounded child in his arms advances, lamenting over him. Hengo expresses great anguish; his father encourages him, and brings water from the fountain in his hands to refresh him; while thus employed, he is surrounded by Marcus, Drusus, and Roman soldiers, who are urged by their leaders to seize him; they are terror-struck, and desist; Marcus, more daring, approaching to seize him, Caractacus snatches him up, and throws him from him. Hengo, near expiring, implores his father to surrender, then dies in his arms—Caractacus, in a state of stupor over the body, is assured by Drusus no dishonour shall await him; having now no hope remaining, he surrenders, desiring a grave for his child. The Roman soldiers prepare a litter of the boughs of the oak, the father placing him on it, the body is borne off by the soldiers, Caractacus lamenting over it. The scene changes to the sea coast, where the Roman gallies are seen at anchor. By the treachery of Marcus, Caractacus is chained and taken on board, lamenting the loss of his child, and the departure from his native land; the vessels are rowed away. The virgins and females, straining their weeping eyes for a last look of their departed chief.

PART III —Scene—Rome, Cæsar discovered seated on his throne surrounded by his guards. A procession of Roman soldiers, bearing trophies and spoils, which they present to the Emperor. Caractacus is at length brought in a prisoner in chains; he addresses Cæsar, accusing Marcus as the principal in the disgrace he suffers. Cæsar, in anger, commands Marcus to be confined and punished—he is led off by guards. Cæsar descends from his throne, shewing Caractacus the honour due to his valour, and commands all respect should be paid him; placing him on an elevated seat by his side. The piece concludes with a chorus of the Roman Priests and Virgins.

To compare with this fable we shall add the following short account from Tacitus.

The story of Caractacus, as narrated in the annals of Tacitus, lib. xii. cap. 33, 34, 35, 36, and 37, is shortly this. He was one of the Kings of Britain, who distinguished himself so remarkably by his skill, intrepidity, and perseverance in defending his country against the Romans, that his fame was celebrated not only in the adjacent provinces, but in Italy, and even in Rome. The historian adds, his name was held in considerable repute. After nine years effectual resistance, he was at last defeated when fighting at the head of the Silures, or ancient inhabitants of South Wales, and was carried, by his conqueror Ostorius Scapula, together with his brothers, wife, and daughter, prisoner to Rome. There he was shewn in triumph to the people, and while his relations seemed to succumb under the weight of their misfortunes, Caractacus still retaining a noble firmness and dignity of character, at the moment when he was exposed in public spectacle, addressed himself to the Emperor Claudius, in the following terms:—"Had my moderation been equal to my birth and power, I would rather have come to this city as a friend than as a captive, and in that case you would not have disdained to enter into pacific engagements with the descendant of illustrious ancestors and the ruler of several nations. My present lot is as humiliating to me as it is proud for you. I was in possession of men, horses, arms, and wealth—and where is the wonder that I should be unwilling to lose them?—because you wish for universal dominion, does it follow that all should voluntarily become your slaves? Had I surrendered without resistance, neither my fortune nor your glory would have been conspicuous; and oblivion would have followed on my punishment. If you spare me, I shall be an eternal monument of your clemency."

Such was the impression which this address made upon the mind of the Emperor, that he instantly granted his pardon to Caractacus and all his family.

The first scene is grand, interesting, and well arranged, but too long; the dances are in the best stile of the Opera-House, and the trial of skill between little *Hengo* and his antagonist, is one of the most pleasing exhibitions we ever witnessed. The incidents, however, are barren, and the few that are, would be rejected by Astley with disdain. The combats were vile, and the escape of *Caractacus* through the flames with his boy at his back, ridiculous. The second act, is also meagre: but the death of *Hengo* excites some interest and the affliction of *Caractacus* for his loss, is deeply affecting, though needlessly prolonged. D'Egville was very fine in this scene, and exhibited two very picturesque attitudes over the body of his son, as the Roman soldiers approached to make himself their prisoner. The last act has neither splendour of decoration, charm of procession, or any attraction whatever to recommend it to the public.

D'Egville, Mrs. Sharp, and the little Bristow supported the action of the piece in the ablest manner, and Bishop has given it an excellent overture and some very characteristic music; but one never heard that the Druids were proficients on the organ, or that such an instrument was known in their time. We doubt also the propriety of Caractacus' wearing an helmet.

COVENT GARDEN.

MARCH.

30. Grand Selection of Sacred Music.

31. Man of the World—[1st time] A tragic, comick, pantomimick, melo-dramatick, galamathias, called BONIFACIO AND BRIDGETINA; or, *the Knight of the Hermitage*; or, *the Windmill Turret*; or, *the Spectre of the North East Gallery*. With a PRELUDE. The scenery, machinery, dresses, and embellishments, entirely new. The overture and new musick composed by Mr. Ware, the selected airs from the most popular productions of Handel, Purcell, Pepusch, Arnold, Shield, Hook, Kelly, Knyvett, Moore, Carolan, D. Rizzio, and Mary Queen of Scots. The marches, combats, and arrangement of the action, under the direction of Mr. Farley. The scenery by Phillips, Whitmore, Hollogan, Hodgkins, &c. Sir Hildebrand, (the Knight of the Hermitage) Mr. Simmons; Bonifacio, (his Nephew) Mr. Blanchard; Poignardo, (Lieutenant of Banditti) Mr. Taylor; Nicholas, (a rustic attached to Sir Hildebrand) Mr. Liston; and the Baron Sacripandos, (a reputed wizard, and Captain of Banditti) Mr. Farley. First Champion, Mr. Bologna, jun. Second Champion, Mr. Grimaldi; First Young Boniface, Miss M. Bristow; Second Young Boniface, Miss Goodwin; Robbers, Banditti, Villagers, &c. Babet, (Mistress of Bonifacio) Mrs. Liston; and Bridgetina, (Wife of Bonifacio) Mrs. Gibbs. Village Lasses, by the Misses Adams, &c.

APRIL.

1. The Dettingen Te Deum; with Two Grand Miscellaneous Acts.

2. Merchant of Venice—Bonifacio and Bridgetina.

4. Othello—Ib.

5. Every Man in his Humour. Kitely, Mr. COOKE; Mrs. Kitely, Mrs. H. Johnston.—Ib.

6. Messiah.

7. Man of the World—Bonifacio and Bridgetina.

8. A Grand Selection of Sacred Music.

9. [Mr. LEWIS's Night] Fashionable Lover [*revived*] Lord Abberville, Mr. Lewis; Aubrey, Mr. Pope; Mortimer, Mr. Murray; Tyrrell, Mr. C. Kemble; Bridgemere, Mr. Waddy; Dr. Druid, Mr. Blanchard; Mr. Naphtali, Mr. Simmons; La Jeunese, Mr. Wilde; Colin M'Cleod, the Man of the Highlands; Mr. COOKE. Augusta Aubrey, Miss Smith; Mrs. Bridgemore, Mrs. Davenport; Lucinda Bridgemore, Mrs. Dibdin; Mrs. Macintosh, Mrs. Emery. —Blind Boy.

18. [EASTER MONDAY] Richard III.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

19. Mountaineers—Bonifacio and Bridgetina.

20. Man of the World—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

21. TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA [*revived with alterations.*] With new scenery, dresses and decorations. The overture and act-symphonies composed by Mr. Ware. Duke of Milan, Mr. Murray; Antonio, Mr. Creswell; Proteus, Mr. Pope; Valentine, Mr. Kemble; Thurio, Mr. Liston; Eglamour, Mr. Claremont; Panthino, Mr. Chapman; Host, Mr. Davenport; Launce, Mr. Munden; Speed, Mr. Blanchard; Ubaldo, Mr. King; Luigi, Mr. Thompson; Carlos, Mr. Field; Sylvia, Miss Norton; Julia, Miss Smith; Lucetta, Miss Waddy. The new Glee of "Who is Sylvia," [composed

by Mr. Steevens] sung by Messrs. Bellamy, Taylor, Treby; Mrs. Liston and Miss Bolton.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

22. Merchant of Venice—Ib.

23. Hamlet—Who Wins? N. B. The Farce changed to the Padlock, on account of Mr. Fawcett's indisposition.

25. Richard III.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

26. Two Gentlemen of Verona—Farmer.

27. Merry Wives of Windsor. Falstaff, Mr. COOKE.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

28. Man of the World—Highland Laddie—Tom Thumb.

29. Two Gentlemen of Verona—Who Wins?

30. Merchant of Venice—Love A-la-Mode.

BONIFACIO and BRIDGETINA is a whimsical attempt by Mr. T. Dibdin to burlesque the inconsistencies and improbabilities of the modern *Melo-Drama*, somewhat after the manner of Tom Thumb and Chrononhotonthologos. The Burlesque is a species of writing of very difficult execution, and perhaps the public are not yet inclined to join very heartily in the ridicule of one of their most favourite amusements. Mr. Dibdin took the hint from a little piece brought *out* at the *Theatre de Vaudeville*. This *Galamathias* was introduced by a smart prelude, consisting of a dialogue supposed to pass in the Lobby, the Box-Book-Keeper, the Author, and an *Amateur*, just previous to the drawing up of the curtain. The anxiety and trepidations of the author were very humourously depicted by Mr. Farley.

Mr. Lewis revived the *Fashionable Lover* at his benefit for the purpose of exhibiting Mr. Cooke in the Scotsman, who played the character most admirably. The house was very full.

The TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA was altered in Garrick's time by Victor, and has occasionally found its way on the boards, but it never had *stamina* enough to support itself there long. If Shakspeare be the author, which we think he was, (though it is much disputed) at least of the greater part of it, it was one of his earliest performances, and is clearly one of the weakest. Mr. Kemble has given it every advantage which the stage can afford, and it is very well acted; but the money expended on it has been unnecessarily and unjudiciously lavished.

COUNTRY THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, EDINBURGH.

THE experience of this season confirms the truth of a remark often stated by me in your work; namely, that the success of a company in Edinburgh, is precisely in the ratio of its merit. Stephen Kemble for many years insulted us with the most imbecile comedians which could be raked from village barns, and he lost popularity, and what he more valued, money. John Jackson in company with Aicken, and afterwards with Mr. Rock, persisting after a winter or two, in the system so fatal to his predecessor, though his own experience ought to have taught him better, found the public determined not to take protestations for performances, or receive the lease coin of unmeaning promises. But whether the repeated deficiencies, still more and more encreasing, of the treasury receipts; the remonstrances and advices of myself, and those writers who thought like me; or whether accident, caprice, or perhaps some sense of that justice due to

the public, their only patrons or supporters; or whether the better judgment of Rock at last prevailed, I know not, and since we now reap the benefit, I care not; but certain it is, that this season at least, the public have not been so much shocked and disgusted by these wretched exhibitions of rapid affectation, or conceited idcotism, which so long disgraced the boards of the metropolis of Scotland. The public have, as they were wont, shewn their sense of the respect paid to them by the caterers of their entertainments, by a much more general and assiduous attendance, than has been exemplified the last fifteen years. I trust that the hopes of renewal of the Patent to the Manager, the present one expiring next year, has not been exclusively the motive that influenced our theatrical ruler, in at length, shewing attention to the public wishes, so long baulked, though a thousand times most unequivocally exposed.

The limits to which in this season I must confine myself, preclude me from lengthened detail, or minute criticism.—Some idea of the company may be conceived from the list of benefits hereto subjoined—in a week or two, when the benefits close, I shall be enabled to make a more ample, and I trust a satisfactory report, of the individuals composing our company and their respective merits.

Suffice it at present, to state, that after being fifteen days gratified by the forcible, and I am happy to add, *uninterrupted* exhibition of Cooke, the public were soon consoled for his loss, by the masterly representations of the *Queen of Tragedy*, which she was displaying with her usual and unrivalled excellence, to a delighted public, when the death of her husband also robbed our stage of its brightest ornament.

Charles Young, after an intermediate trip to Dublin, where he neither acquired much modesty, or self diffidence, succeeded, as he had preceded, Cooke, in many of his parts, with whom too *he* refused to perform any second character. His tragedy, of which I never thought highly, is it *now* seems, that line in which he is supposed and supposes himself to excel, but of his present merits in that department I pretend not to judge, never having had the fortune this season to witness his exhibitions in it. His comedy is in my opinion decidedly inferior to what it was in 1801; the ease, gaiety of manner, and vivacity of action he then displayed with so much effect, being exchanged for a deportment and action more formal, stiff, consequential and studied; in a word, with what *he* probably thinks more *dignified*, but upon which the public bestow a less flattering appellation. Belcour, in which he *once* shone almost unrivalled, is I think on the whole, (as well as his Charles Surface) though infinitely more correct, and less abounding in the numerous faults of that of John Dwyer, really inferior to that of the latter mentioned performer—But more of him as well as Mr. Young in my next.

Of new performers, I shall also speak in my next more fully. I shall only now observe, that Mrs. W. Penson is a most excellent Vixen and a tolerable singer; that a Mrs. Waring, (of whom I never before heard) played the only comic part I ever saw her in (Mrs. Candour) in such a manner, as induced me to augur favourably of her judgment and action; that Maurell seems to possess, with a good figure, much spirit, vivacity, and ease in light comedy; that Miss Larkman is a most beautiful, sweet, captivating young lady, and promises much in singing, when she can divest herself of the

timidity that for the present precludes the proper exhibition of her vocal powers.

Most of our old people are still with us: Evatt is really wonderfully improved, and in a certain line, the *gentleman* Irishman, bids fair to be without a superior on the modern stage. His regular, assiduous and unrivalled exertions in his professional capacity, combined with the most decorous and exemplary conduct in private life, have, as they ever in Evatt will, obtained him the favour and respect of the public, in the highest degree. This was peculiarly and honourably displayed on his benefit night, which exceeded that of any other performer this season.

The list of benefits is subjoined, with that of the nights of performance. It may be proper to remark, that of the evening of performance, four in the week, the strength of each may be estimated thus: Say the whole is twelve, then Saturday is about five, Wednesday three and a half; Monday two and a fourth; and Thursday one and three fourths.

MARCH			
30.	Mr. Archer (Wednesday) - - -	£. 128	0
	Mr. Young (Saturday) - - - -	110	0
4. April.	Mr. Mac Gregor (dreadful rain and hail) Monday - - - - - -	174	10
6.	Mr. Berry (Wednesday) - - - -	163	0
9. Saturday.	Mrs. Young - - - - - -	146	0
11. Monday.	Two Girls, Charities (their mother an old esteemed actress, recently dead) - -	169	11
13. Wednes.	Miss Larkman - - - - -	54	0
Saturday.	Mrs. W. Penson (once Miss Sims) - -	105	6
18. Monday.	Mr. Shaw - - - - - -	145	0
Wednesd	Mr.. Evatt - - - - - -	176	0

The benefits are not yet over; the remainder shall be sent as soon as the season closes—it may not be improper to remark, that the night of Mr. M'Gregor's in all its circumstances, (the weather being dreadful) marks the public opinion of his diligent and meritorious services, to coincide with that expressed by me in your work last year. Happening on Passion week, the benefits of Miss Larkman and Mrs. Penson, of course much suffered.

Theatre, SUNDERLAND—closed on Friday, March 25th, with the new comedy of "Begone dull Care," and "Quaker," after a lucrative season, for the benefit of Mr. Anderson. Messrs Anderson and Faulkner have brought forward every novelty the shortness of the season would allow. They return and open the house in Passion Week, to give Oratorios, which, from the high musical state of the company, will bring the managers something handsome. The following comprise the company:

Messrs. Faulkner,—Hamlet, Tekeli, Beverly, &c.
Lindoe,---French, and old men.
Bland,—Gibby, Harrow, Oliver, &c.
Darley,---Captain Belville, Captain Glenroy, &c.
Wright ———Master Bland.———Master Darley.
Thompson,---Solace, Vortex, Joe Standfast, &c.

Messrs. Aldridge (dancer).---Master Pitt.---Master T. Pitt.
Kendall,---Country boys, Count de Mountfort.
Elliott (prompter).---Master Elliott, Servants.
Penson,---First low comedian.
Mann,---Charles Stanly, Earl Richmond, &c.
Adcock,---Irish, Mustapha, Flutterman, &c.
Leonard,—First singer, Lubin, Prince Orlando, &c.
Holmes,—Iago, Stukely, Darlemont, &c.
Park.———Master Penson, &c.
Mrs. Pitt,—Alexina, Queen in Hamlet, Countess Valdstein.
Darley,—Christine, Floretta, Cogia, Widow Cheerly.
Bland,—Sophia (*Of Age To-morrow*), &c.
Miss Pitt,—*Miss Bland*,---*Miss Lindoe*,---Walking Ladies and Chorus.
Mrs. Elliott,---First old woman.
Miss King,--Firstsinger, Rosina, Gillian, Variella, Celinda, &c.
Campion,---Mrs. Haller, Lady Racket, Mrs. Glenroy, Perdita, &c.
Mrs. Penson,---Second old women, Lady Bountiful, &c.
Miss Chalmers,---Mrs Sullen, Isabella (Wonder), Lady Loverule.
Elliott and Miss M. Chalmers,---Principal dancers.
Mrs. Hughes,---Lothair, Julio (Deaf and Dumb), Edmond (Blind Boy), &c.

The following sums were taken on each night during the benefits.

Feb. 29.	Mr. Faulkner,--- Love makes a Man, - -	L 63
	Mr. and Mrs. Bland,---Pizarro and Blind Boy, -	31
	Mr. Kendall,---Wanderer, - - - - -	16
Mar. 7.	Mr. Leonard,---Two Faces under a Hood, - -	35
	Mr. Mann,---As You Like It, - - - -	20
	Miss Pitt,---Surrender of Calais, - - - -	27
	Miss Campion---School for Scandal - - -	18
	Miss Chalmers,---Romeo and Juliet, - - -	23
14.	Mr. Thompson,---Poor Gentleman, - - -	24
	Mr. and Mrs. Elliott,—Oroonoko, - - -	13
	Mrs. Hughes,---Fortress, Blind Boy, and 40 Thieves,	21
	Mr. Lindoe,---Errors Excepted, and Young Hussar,	46
	Miss King,---Cabinet, and Weathercock, upwards of	44
21.	Mr. and Mrs. Penson,—Clandestine Marriage, -	45
	Mr. and Mrs. Darley,—Soldier's Daughter, -	35
	Mr. Adcock,---Deaf and Dumb, - - - -	28
	Mr. Holmes,---Gamester, - - - - -	53
26.	Mr. Anderson,—Begone dull Care. - - -	70-80

The company is an excellent one, and its musical state never was so good before in Sunderland. We have to regret the loss of *Kendall* and the *Lindoes*, who have joined Mr S. Kemble's recruits at Greenock, in Scotland, who is once more taking the field in his own person. *Emery*, visits his native town for a few nights this summer, with the assistance of Egerton (of Bath), Miss Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. Liston, who have promised to attend for a few nights ;---we shall be rich in theatricals during summer

PRIVADO.

Theatre, GRAVESEND.—Mr. Trotter opened his New Theatre which is a handsome stricture, and in every respect elegant and commodious, on Easter Monday, to a very crowded house. He has engaged an excellent company, and if to "*deserve* success," is to *command* it," his liberality and exertions will find an ample reward in the patronage of the inhabitants The first play was the *Stranger*, in which Mrs. Litchfield, engaged for four nights, was the Mr. Haller. Mr. Trotter performed the *Stranger* with great ability, and consequently with great success. Of the other performers, Mr. and Mrs. Owen, Mr. Vining, Mr. J. P. Harley, Mrs. Bew, Miss Johnstone, and Miss Barry, deserve particular mention. Several of the principal London actors are expected to appear in the course of the season. Peevious to the play, Mr. Trotter delivered a well-written *occasional address*

Theatre, BELFAST.—This theatre opened in March, under the management of Messrs. Seyton and Skinner, with the following prologue, spoken by Mr. Seyton.

If o'er her A bion, with peculiar pride,
The Drama's Muse, delights here to preside,
Not less Hibernia's children she inspires,
In these to catch, in those to fan her fires.
'Twas thus she gave to Congreve, Farquhar, Steele,
And Sheridan her witching pow'rs to feel ;
And thus she gives to you the lively taste,
That proves her image here not meanly plac'd.
In this fair town, indeed, where science beams,
With brightest lustre, on her purest streams,
Long has the Drama flourish'd, long will flourish ;
For taste, like your's, a taste in us must nourish.
Taste is like " blood," that " will have blood," 'tis said ;
It lives in you, in us cannot be dead.
To meet the taste, then, of so dear a town,
To land, so dear to science, as your own,
Our best's exerted ; and if half the dew
Of favor fall on us, she sheds on you,
Away with fears, fly doubts, success is certain ;
Come, Prompter, ring your bell ; up with the curtain !

T. O.

The company, which is well selected, consist of Messrs. Seyton, Hamerton, Hamerton jun. Chambers, Adamson, Munro, Trotter, Pitman, Moreland, Maurose, Atkins, Johnson, Hart ; Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Trotter, Mrs. Mourton, Mrs. Adamson, Miss Fenwick, Mrs. and Miss Chambers, Miss Moreland, &c.

Mr. Seyton is the gentleman who performed Rolla last season with so much credit, at Drury Lane, and Othello at Covent Garden. He is a most promising actor, and here where he has ample scope, and verge enough, his talents are highly valued. Mr. Hamerton is a performer of well known abilities, who played this season at Covent Garden, Dennis Brulgruddery, and Major O'Flaherty. Mr. Trotter in the Countryman has great merit, as has his wife in the Old Woman. Upon the whole we have seldom had a better company in Belfast, and we doubt not the season will prove extremely profitable.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the press, or in preparation.

TOPOGRAPHY, &c.—Historical Tour through the County of Pembroke, by Mr. Fenton, intended as a part of a general description of South Wales, to form a companion to Pennant's account of North Wales. With engravings from drawings by Sir Richard Colt Hoare.—The Antiquities of Shropshire, by William Pearson.

TRAVELS.—Sir John Carr's Tour in Scotland.

POETRY.—A Translation of the Georgics of Virgil, with Notes and Annotations, Illustrative of the Rural Economy and Agriculture of the Ancients. By the Rev. Mr. Stawell, of Cork. A Volume of Poems called the Minor Minstrel, by Mr. Holloway, Author of the Peasant's Fate. Original Poems, intended for the use of young persons, on a plan recommended by the Rev. Dr. Isaac Watts, by Mrs. Richardson, Widow of the late Joseph Richardson, Esq. M. P. The Fall of Cambria, by Joseph Cottle. The Rural Enthusiast, and other Poems, by Mrs. M. H. Hay. The Poetical Works of Christopher Anstey, Esq. with some account of his Life and Writings, by his Son John Anstey, Esq. A collection of Songs, by the Rev. James Plumptre, M. A. Fellow of Clare Hall.

ROMANCES, &c.—Original Romances in Verse and Prose, by Mr. Lewis. Ned Bentley, a Novel, by Mr. Amphlett. A Novel by Mr. Theodore Hook. The Piccadilly Ambulator; or Old Q——; containing Memoirs of the Private Life of that Evergreen Votary of Venus, by J. P. Hurston, Esq. Falconbridge Abbey, a Devonshire Story, by Mrs. Hanway. The Abyssinicus Reformer, or the Bible and Sabre, by Mr. C. Lucas. Theodore from the French of Le Brun, after the manner of Paul and Virginia. John De Lancaster, by Mr. Cumberland.

DRAMA.—A New Metrical Division of the Choral Odes of Æschylus, by Dr. Charles Burney. The World, by Mr. Kenny. Bonifacio and Bridgetina, by Mr. T. Dibdin. Begone Dull Care, by Mr. Reynolds. The Blind-boy, a Melo-Drama. An Examination of the Charges made by Malone, Chalmers, and others, of Ben. Jonson's enmity towards Shakspeare.

BIOGRAPHY.—Universal Biography; containing a copious account, Critical and Historical, of the Life and Character, Labour and Actions of Eminent Persons, in all Ages and Countries, Conditions and Professions, arranged in Alphabetical order, by J. Lemprien, D. D. Life of Alexander Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's, by Mr. Churton.

Miss Emma Smith pinx.t *Meadows sculp.t*

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